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THE CRY OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

O when shall this horrible fray be o'er,
And the stars in the folds of our flag once more
Meet and kiss? O when
Shall brother on brother cease to deal,
And the blood that is brightening hostile steel
Flow back to the hearts of men!

With smoke of battle thy brow is wreathed—
"Like a kid in its mother's milk thou art seethed,"
My beautiful, beautiful land—
Yet take thou comfort, thou hast no lack
Of sons, till the tide of thy grief roll back,
Breast high, in its wave to stand.

Ay, firmly to stand in the tide of ill,
Faithful to freedom let come what will,
And never the prayer to cease,
That He who is God of the slayer and slain
May gather thy broken body again
In his arms, and give thee peace.

THE WHITE TERROR.

ELIZA A. DUPUY

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST DEEDS," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

Adrienne stood upon the gallery a few moments, enjoying the gleams of bright sunshine that found their way through the crowding branches of the trees. She pulled from one of them a long spray of the gray Spanish moss which so gracefully drapes a southern forest. After examining the frail texture of the plant, with its slender, pliant stems, and delicate frost-work, like a sprinkling of fine hair powder to which it owes its peculiar shade of gray, the young girl wove its tendrils into a wreath, and wound it in a picturesque fashion around her head.

Resolute to take a survey of the premises alone, and see what discoveries she might make, Adrienne descended the staircase leading to the lower gallery, and passed into the yard. Orange trees clustered around the broad steps which led to the gravel walk, and she plucked from them a bouquet of fragrant blossoms, the perfume of which she inhaled with exquisite pleasure, for every nerve of her sensitive frame was alive to the natural sources of enjoyment so lavishly scattered around us.

The birds sang undisturbed among the trees, and as Adrienne listened to their glad carols, her own soul caught from them a new impulse, and her voice burst forth in song so sweet, so full of soul music, that the feathered warblers hushed their strains to hearken to the melody.

In spite of the uncertainty of her position, and the hard future that might lie before her, the escaped novice felt a sense of freedom and enjoyment which impelled her to sing. She slowly traversed the carriage drive, and discovered amid the rank weeds the remains of a rustic fountain in the centre of what had, in days long past, been a carefully kept lawn. The basin was empty, the reservoir which had once supplied its tiny jet of water, long since dry, and with a vague feeling of oppression, she stooped and lifted the broken leaf of a marble water lily, through which the stream had once murmured, while mirth and revelry filled the house now so dreary and deserted.

As she lifted her head, a voice spoke suddenly beside her.

"I thought the worship of the Druids had long since passed from the earth, but I now surely see before me one of its crowned priestesses, bending above the shrine at which she once worshipped."

An expression of doubt and incredulity came into the young stranger's face, and every drop of blood receded from it, leaving her nearly as white as the marble lilies over which she had lately bent. She looked quickly around, and the pale lips unclosed to exclaim:

"Whose voice was that? *You* here, father Eustace? Who would have expected to find you in this out-of-the-way place?"

The priest, for he it was, surveyed her with an expression of severity as he said:

"As little could I have expected to find the child dedicated from her birth to the service of Heaven, in such guise as this, roaming alone through this tangled woodland. Adrienne Durand, how have you come hither, and why are you wearing that secular dress? Do not confirm what it suggests, that you have abandoned the calling which would have ennobled you on earth, and in Heaven would have given you a bright place among the celestial choirs that forever chant the praises of the Most High. Wilful girl, what have you done?"

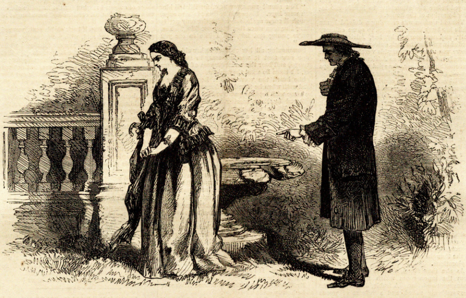
While he thus spoke, Adrienne's self-sommand returned to her, and the color again crimsoned her cheek as she replied, with an expression of quiet dignity that filled the priest with amazement:

"Surely, father Eustace, the training you would have given me did not tend to such a consummation as *that*. I have come hither to find earthly duties which have already been too long neglected. I have abjured the calling of a *religieuse*, and henceforth I intend to play my part in the wold, which belongs as much to God as to the convent halls."

"Poor, simple child! I understand your allusion, and you refused to use a gift manifestly bestowed for that purpose, in the service of the church, because *you*, forsooth, thought it wrong! The presumption of youth is amazing! But this is no time to deal with you on that score. Tell me how you came hither, and what is your purpose in crossing the ocean to dwell in yonder ruin, long since given up to the rats, and its demented master?"

"I beg that you will refer more respectfully to Mr. Lecour, for I am his grandchild, and henceforth the companion of his declining years. I have relinquished all idea of assuming the veil, and I am resolved to devote my life to him. He is my only relative, and I consider it my first duty to become the companion of his solitude, to restore to him the child he has lost, and endeavor to brighten the remaining days of his existence."

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



FATHER EUSTACE AND ADRIENNE.

While she thus spoke, father Eustace kept his eyes fixed upon her varying countenance, and many contending feelings were visible upon his own dark face. He abruptly said:

"You have come hither, I suppose, to set forth your claims upon this old miser's wealth, for with nothing less at stake would any young girl bury herself in such a place as this, with such a man as Mr. Lecour."

Adrienne quickly replied:

"I have avowed to you the intention with which I came hither. I rebelled against the confinement of the convent, and I sought a home and protection from my natural guardian, without any schemes with reference to his wealth. I hoped that I might win for myself a place in his heart, that my love for him might throw a brief gleam of sunshine upon the hoary head rapidly bowing toward the tomb."

"And now you have seen this venerable relation, what is your opinion as to your probable success?" asked the priest, with a sneer he took no pains to conceal.

"My path may be difficult, but I have not despaired of winning a place in the regard of Mr. Lecour," was the evasive reply.

"Truly you must be sanguine, Mademoiselle, for a more unredeemed old sinner it has never been my lot to confess. If facts did not prove the contrary, I should say that his first impulse would have been to turn you from his door, when you asked for shelter beneath his roof."

Adrienne shrank from his searching glance, for she remembered that such had nearly been her fate on her arrival, and she waived the subject by saying:

"If you are surprised to find me here, father Eustace, I am not less so to meet with you in this new world. The Superior told us you had gone on a mission, but she did not reveal whither you had been sent."

He drily responded:

"I was sent hither for a purpose of great political importance, and strange as it may seem to you, your presence here can materially aid me in attaining success. Be obedient and docile, and I will withhold from the bishop of this diocese the knowledge of your evasion. If your presence is once made known to him, he can stretch out the arm of ecclesiastical authority, and lay its strong hand upon you, even here."

Adrienne trembled and grew pale. She asked:

"In what manner can I aid you, father? Alas! I hoped in these wilds to be free as the air of Heaven—to be able to walk untrammelled upon my path of life."

"Do my bidding, and you may do so, for me. I will pledge myself not to interfere with the *happy* lot you seem to have chosen."

"What, then, is your bidding?"

Father Eustace had hitherto remained in his saddle, but at this point in their colloquy he dismounted, fastened the bridle of his horse carefully to a neighboring bough, and stood beside the young girl. He lowered his voice as he said:

"Swear to me, Mademoiselle, that you will not betray to any human being what I am about to confide to you. It is a secret of vast importance."

"I can only pledge you my word, father, and there is no one here to whom I should be likely to reveal your confidence."

"True, and I believe I may trust you. Learn, then, that in this ruinous house, a state prisoner is believed to be detained. I have been sent hither to ascertain the truth of this supposition: I claim your aid, and if it is successfully given, I will obtain from the bishop such a permit for you to follow your own will, as must entitle you to perfect freedom of action so far as conventual life is concerned."

Adrienne listened in great surprise.

"A state prisoner *here*, father? It seems impossible."

"Yet I have every reason to believe it to be true. Mr. Lecour has played a conspicuous part in the world, and circumstances have thrown into his power a most important personage. I enjoin you to watch till you have discovered the room in which this individual is concealed, and inform me of it immediately."

"And do you require me to become a spy upon my grandfather?" she asked, with indignant surprise. "Excuse me, father, I cannot play so treacherous a part. He has received me in good faith, and I will be true to him."

Father Eustace regarded her severely. He said:

"You are a silly child, and have crude ideas on most subjects. Your duty to your grandfather is inferior to that you owe to *me*."

"I do not understand you," she faltered.

"Your conscience must be very delicate, truly. Since I can deal with you in no other way, I must inform you of the actual tie that exists between us. Do you remember the deep interest I have always manifested in you? the free access I have always had to you, even in your convent?"

She faintly responded:

"I do—but to what does all this tend?"

"Only to the announcement you *feel* is coming, and from which I can see that you recoil. Know then that *I* am also connected with the old recluse who lives in yonder tower—that I wedded his only daughter without his consent, and you——"

He paused, regarded her fixedly, and Adrienne impulsively said:

"And I am the child of that marriage? Yet why, why does my heart refuse to ratify this relationship? Why have I been taught to regard you as a stranger, if you are indeed my father?"

"Because I have long since repudiated all earthly ties. I do not ask from you the love of a child—I only demand the obedience due to a father. *Now*, Mademoiselle, will you refuse to aid me in the enterprise I have undertaken?"

Adrienne was too much bewildered to reply immediately—past memories came rushing upon her in a confused crowd, and she endeavored to recall some incident which could have led her to surmise the actual relationship in which the priest asserted her to stand toward himself. She slowly said:

"Tell me—tell me how this can be. Tell me of my mother—my dead mother."

"It is a dreary tale, child, and one I do not care to dwell on. Our marriage was clandestine: her father hated me, unknown as I was to him, because a deadly feud had existed between his family and mine for several generations. I loved Estelle Lecour with all the power of my soul—she died, and left me desolate. I placed her infant child in the convent to be educated, and assumed the vows myself that I might watch unceasingly over her. Have I not done so, Mademoiselle, until duty sent me on this errand? to accomplish which, I *demand* your assistance as my right. Refuse me at your peril?"

"Is this the way in which a daughter should be claimed?" asked Adrienne, tremulously. "No token of a father's love have I ever received from you, and now, you close this revelation with a threat."

"And one I shall certainly fulfil," he coldly responded. "Obey my commands, and I release you from your early destination—I permit you to gain a foothold in this old man's house, that you may make sure of inheriting his wealth. Is not that a sufficient bribe?"

"And what use will you make of your information, if I succeed in gaining it?"

"Nothing that is detrimental to Mr. Lecour shall be done. I merely wish to remove from his power one of whom he may be tempted to make an unprincipled use. That person also shall have a safe and permanent asylum for the future. I pledge my word that no injury shall be done to any party concerned, but a great political wrong prevented. Speak, will you aid me?"

"Alas! I have no alternative," was the submissive reply.

Poor Adrienne felt as if a net had suddenly closed around her from which it was impossible to escape. The passionless manner in which this man had revealed the tie that existed between them, failed to impress her with the idea that he could really be her father—yet how could she disprove his assertion, or escape from the necessity of obedience to his commands? Her position was difficult enough before, but this added to her perplexities. Never doubting what her decision must be, Father Eustace said:

"This is Mr. Lecour's usual day for confession—I must seek him now, but I will meet you on this spot four days hence to learn what progress you have made in your discoveries."

"I left him sleeping—had you not better refrain from disturbing him?"

"I *must* see him this morning. He only receives me at stated intervals, and if I fail to visit him to-day, he would refuse me admittance for another month. I shall not fail to meet you at the time and place appointed, and when you remember how much is at stake for yourself, I scarcely think you will dare to play me false. *Au revoir.*"

Adrienne watched his receding figure like one in a dream. How singular it seemed that she should find in this secluded spot the father confessor who had so suddenly disappeared from her convent several months before her own departure. She remembered the conjectures that had followed his disappearance, and the profound silence maintained as to the cause which removed him was now partly explained—a political errand, involving the fate of an important personage. Here was food for her imagination; was this old ruin the abode of more than one mystery? or was the phantom bride the person of whom the priest was in pursuit? Could Mr. Lecour's terror have been consummate acting, for the purpose of misleading her? And, above all, could the priest really be her own father? She shuddered at the thought, for she had good cause to remember Father Eustace; and her heart sank within her at finding him upon her path in her new home; armed, too, with parental, as well as ecclesiastical authority over her defenceless self.

It was strange that her heart should so utterly repudiate this newly discovered tie. She found no spring of tenderness in her nature for the father who had known her from infancy, and yet had never betrayed the bond that bound them together, till his own interests demanded its acknowledgment. The stern, cold manner in which the announcement was made, caused her to recoil from admitting its truth. If she were really the child of this man, why had he so long kept her in ignorance of their true relationship? During all the years of her childhood, he could have revealed himself to her in his real character with perfect impunity, for the abbess was his cousin, and, she knew, must be in possession of his confidence.

A new motive was given for the quest she had undertaken, but Adrienne sang no more that morning, as she walked on, in a most despondent mood, to find the rear entrance to the chateau. She felt as if she could not live in this house another day, without fathoming the weird mystery which enveloped it; but if discovered, dared she reveal its secrets to her new tyrant? Should the stern old man discover that she had violated her oath, might not swift and sudden vengeance overtake her from his unscrupulous hands? She shuddered as a glimpse of the danger of her position flashed upon her, but it was now too late to retract. She comprehended too well the iron nature of Father Eustace, to attempt to deceive him. She must serve him, or be torn from the asylum she had gained with such effort, and given back to the fate her whole nature recoiled from.

Absorbed in thought, her steps insensibly slackened, and she at length sat down on a fallen tree to await the reappearance of Father Eustace. He must tell her more before she could be satisfied that she was really his child. An hour passed away, and the sound of approaching steps startled her; she looked up and saw Father Eustace leading his horse toward her, and his face looked sombre and disappointed. As his eyes fell upon her he paused, and said:

"I am glad to find you on my path again; I am convinced of the truth of my suspicions, though I could gain no clue from my *penitent*—ugh! a most intractable old creature he is, I must say. From *you* I must learn the locality in which his prisoner is concealed, that I may safely carry on my plan for his removal."

"*His* removal! It is not a woman, then?"

"No—why should you have imagined such a thing? Oh, I comprehend—you have heard of the White Terror, as old Lecour calls her, and fancied *she* might be the object of my quest. No—mine is a flesh and blood reality, and no phantom."

"Do you give credence to the appearance of the phantom?" asked the young girl, with solicitude.

"Why not? I believe such things can be—and the crimes of this old man entitle him to the visitation, if those of any creature ever did."

"Father Eustace, how is it that Mr. Lecour receives his son-in-law without being aware of the tie existing between you and himself?"

"We never met till I came hither. The hatred he bore my father, was transferred to me, and the curse that broke his daughter's heart was hurled upon her because she wedded one of my detested name. It is strange to me that he would receive you at all—some motive must lie under his apparent kindness. But now you are here, make yourself useful to me, and make sure of the old man's fortune."

Adrienne flushed deeply, and tears sprang into her eyes, as she earnestly asked:

"Are you really and truly my father?"

"As certainly as your name is Adrienne Durand am I Julien Durand, the former husband of Mr. Lecour's daughter, and consequently the father of her child. I can bring you proofs of my identity which you cannot question, if you insist upon my doing so."

She slowly shook her head.

"No—no—I will not demand that; a daughter of the church has no right to question the solemn asseveration of her spiritual as well as her earthly father."

"It is well that you are at last convinced. But I warn you that Mr. Lecour must have no suspicion of my identity. It would blow my plans to the winds, and at once place him on his guard."

"And if he should suspect me, what then?"

"I will care for your safety. You shall not be left to his mercy, if you are compelled to compromise yourself in any way by serving me. Adieu—I must not linger any longer—four days hence I will meet you beside the fountain."

Compelled to be satisfied with this assurance, Adrienne walked slowly toward the house, deeply meditating on the strange event of the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

As Father Eustace approached the apartment of Mr. Lecour he stepped very lightly, and when he gained the door he paused and listened intently. No sound save the deep breathing of the sleeper came from within, and with velvet tread he glided through the entrance and looked upon the scene the room presented.

A packet of open letters lay upon the table; and, without scruple, the inquisitor glanced rapidly over their contents. His flashing eyes, quivering lips, and excited expression, showed that he was strongly moved by their revelations.

Bitter and scornful was the expression with which he approached the sleeping man, and looked down upon his corrugated brow and laboring breast; for Mr. Lecour exhibited all the painful contortions of a man suffering intensely from nightmare.

"Even in sleep the wretch is haunted by the memory of his crimes," was the thought that passed through the mind of the visitor. "I have not been able to penetrate to the depths of his seared soul yet. There is something kept back which I must fathom, besides the hiding-place of *my* quarry. Then I will lay my hand upon him and crush him, or strip him of all his ill-gotten gains."

With a gesture illustrative of the thought, Father Eustace thrust forth his long, nervous-looking hand above the prostrate sleeper, and Mr. Lecour started from his slumbers just in time to come in collision with it. The sudden shock effectually awoke him, and his first impulse was to hurl forth a volley of curses and abuse which would have made any other man quail; but the priest stood his ground firmly and calmly. He quietly said:

"My son, I came hither on my usual errand, but methinks this is a singular reception. What does it mean? Your mind seems in no proper condition for the confession of sin, and the remission thereof."

The even tones of his voice exerted a marked power over the listener. He paused in his blasphemous career, struggled to recover outward composure, and finally said:

"Pardon me, father; I did not at first recognize you. I have suffered much within the last few hours, and am in no condition to bear intrusion. Why have you entered without being announced? You have never done so before, and my servants are very negligent to permit you to do so now."

Mr. Lecour glanced suspiciously toward the table as he thus spoke, and while his visitor offered his explanations he removed the letters which had already undergone inspection, and placed them in a place of safety. The priest furtively smiled, as he said:

"I never before found your door open to admit me; but to-day it was unclosed and the way lay open before me. I knew you would be expecting me, and I came up without ceremony. A new era seems indeed to have dawned on Bellair, for as I came across the lawn I saw the flutter of a woman's garments, and heard the carol of a girl's voice. What may these portend, my friend?"

"Nothing that need concern you, sir priest. You came hither to hear my confession; hearken to it, take your usual dole, and leave me for another month to my solitude and my wretchedness."

"Nay—not so," said the priest, sternly.

"This day has brought with it a crisis in our intercourse, and I *insist* that all the secrets of this prison house shall be laid bare before me. Where is the hapless child you spirited away from France just as friends were gathering around him? *Who* instigated you to remove him? and where do you keep him concealed? Inexorable as fate itself, I demand the truth, and I can find means to compel you to divulge it."

The marked change in his tone and manner seemed to take Mr. Lecour by surprise, but he soon recovered his usual iron defiance, and laughed aloud as he replied:

"Ha! ha! You brave the lion well in his den, but he has not yet lost all faith in the sharpness of his own teeth and claws. Why insist always on that sham? The boy is dead years ago. He was devoured by the scrofula when he passed into my keeping. I only consented to remove him, because I would not have the throne of St. Louis desecrated by a diseased idiot."

"What, then, is the origin of the information sent me from France that you are actually in treaty with the ambitious First Consul to deliver the boy to him, that another *roi faineant* may reign over the French people, while Napoleon, as Mayor of the Palace, rules the nation?"

"Who has abused you with such fables? The son of Louis is dead, I tell you; and if he were not, no Bourbon will ever again reign in the hearts of Frenchmen—their day is past."

"That is not certain. If they were now as true sons of the church as in the days of St. Louis, their star might again culminate."

"*If*—yes; but infidel France would scarcely welcome even her sainted monarch back again on the same terms. No—if God really rules the earth, He will henceforth do it through purer instruments."

The priest interrupted him.

"God does rule the earth, and his church is the delegated authority upon it. Do not utter heresy in my hearing, *mon ami*. Let us change the subject. It seems my duty to warn you of the visible failure in your health since I last saw you. Your nervous system seems to have suffered a terrible shock, for you are tremulous as a weak woman, and there is an unsettled glimmer in your sunken eyes, that seems ominous of doom. Is it not time, brother, to think of the final arrangement of your affairs? A vast responsibility rests upon you in disposing of such an estate as yours."

A bitter expression swept over the sallow face of Mr. Lecour, and he coldly replied:

"The law of this colony is said to be just; why shall I not leave it to settle with my heirs? My wealth has brought me no blessing, then why shall I desire to transfer it to another as a burden and a curse."

"To a man or woman perhaps it might prove such, but to an organized hierarchy to which money is power, wealth can only become the means of extended good. I speak in the name of my church, and demand of you that you shall make her your heir."

"What? Do you demand all, to the utter exclusion of my own blood?"

"Of your race there is no acknowledged scion, I believe; then why ask so irrelevant a question?"

Mr. Lecour regarded him with keen scrutiny, as he slowly asked:

"What has then become of the young girl who was reared in the convent to which you have told me you were confessor? Are you not aware of her history? of her claims upon me? then why should you seek to repudiate them now?"

"Mademoiselle Durand is already provided for as the daughter of Heaven," replied the priest with perfect self-possession. "Since you have given a bride to the church, it becomes doubly your duty to endow the sisterhood among whom she was educated, with the greater portion of your wealth."

"But if this young girl will not accept the fate I have awarded her; if she has already evaded the vigilance of the superior, has escaped, and appealed to me for protection, what then becomes of my duty."

"If it be so," was the emphatic reply, "reclaim her from the error of her ways; send her back to the holy mother, and increase the dower which shall purchase immunity for her sin."

Mr. Lecour laughed harshly.

"I wish you to understand that I am no longer in the humor to make the girl a nun. Now she has come to me, I think I shall retain her with me awhile."

"What? Is Mademoiselle Durand actually in this house? Have you really seen, and conversed with her?"

"Adrienne Durand is here, and I have no intention at present of forcing her to return to the captivity of her convent. Nay—I believe I will provide for her handsomely, if she continues to please me as well as she has done since her appearance beneath my roof."

"And have you no consciencious scruples against abetting this young rebel in her contumacy towards the church?" was the stern query of the priest.

"None—I can endow her nobly; she may marry well, and the descendants of even an old scape-grace like myself, may yet claim name and fame in this fair land."

"And have you forgotten the curse of blood that hangs over you, and yours? What of right has the regicide, the shedder of oceans of innocent blood, to hope that *his* descendants will claim a blessing from Heaven? No—from the hour of her birth, the doom of Adrienne was to expiate the sins of others; their taint is upon her, and she must become the sacrifice however innocent and deserving of happiness she may be in herself. *Your* crimes have laid this doom upon her, and you dare not put forth your hand to extricate her from it."

Mr. Lecour at length cowered before the cold glance, and cutting tones of his companion's voice. He felt that he uttered the truth, and all the fearful array of the past came sweeping before his mental vision. Yet he was resolute not to yield the field, and he defiantly said:

"Adrienne shall at least seek happiness in her own way. If the wrath of God smites her, it will not then be my fault. I can but endeavor to repair the injustice of the past. Such a man as I have been, will scarcely prove more relenting than the great ruler of the world. You teach that His mercy endureth forever, and if that be so, why shall this blameless young girl be made the victim of *my* evil deeds?"

"Why indeed, except that it is written—'I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations.' There is no reply to that, for it is God's word, and we have both seen it fulfilled too often to doubt its truth. You will think better of this, brother, so let us proceed to fulfil the duty that brought me hither. Let the light shine in the deepest and darkest recesses of your sinful soul, that the skilful leech may know where to apply the cure."

Again the mocking spirit of the penitent was arrayed against the priestly authority, but the indomitable patience and perseverence of Father Eustace finally prevailed, the intractable nature with which he had to deal, was partially subdued, and brought into a frame to utter the confession it was the object of the visit to obtain. But in one direction Mr. Lecour was impenetrable, the secret father Eustance was most anxious to fathom was held too closely to permit a gleam of light to fall upon it.

Baffled, chagrined, and annoyed, the confessor yet gave his absolution with an expression of calm benevolence, which was intended to impose on the astute criminal, who secretly exulted in obtaining plenary forgiveness for his sins, without betraying the one that lay heaviest upon his conscience. The two parted apparently on the best of terms, though each one was silently endeavoring to circumvent the other.

As the priest descended the staircase, he muttered:

"With *me* that *one* crime outweighs all the rest, heavy as is the catalogue. If I could gain the certainty that his hand is red with *his* blood, I would drive home the avenging steel to his heart of hearts."

Moody, stern and thoughtful, he went on his way revolving plans in his mind which were singularly at variance with each other. Vengeance for kindred blood wantonly shed—the sacrifice of a youthful heart on the altar of his church; and the aggrandizement of that church through the wealth that should centre in its lawful heiress, alternately swayed him. The hopes of Mr. Mendon were silently ignored, or thought of only with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

After his last colloquy with Adriennne, father Eustace rode away, and resuming the courage with which nature had endowed her, the young girl wiped away her tears, and strolled toward the cabin of Eady to ascertain how she was employed before she attempted to invade the tabooed portion of the house.

The old woman was crooning a doleful hymn while her busy hands attended to some culinary duty, and unobserved by her, Adrienne succeeded in gaining the back entrance to the house. Pierre was at work among his vegetables, but he scarcely raised his head as Adrienne passed him. Once within the door, she sped with rapid steps toward the foot of the staircase.

Without pausing to consider consequences, she sprang up the steps, and in another moment stood in front of the door Eady had refused to unclose on the previous day. On trying the lock she found it was fast, but a rapid glance around showed her a key hanging from a nail within reach of her hand.

With some inward tremor, Adrienne removed this, and applied it to the lock. It turned easily, and the door at once yielded to her touch. Her heart beat audibly as she stepped upon a second flight of steps, which evidently led to the highest story of the house. A few steps brought her to a small anti-chamber, in which a few boxes and old trunks were kept. These were sufficient to give some color to the assertion of Eady that it was only a lumber room, but Adrienne felt assured that the large room in the front of the house, contained the mystery of which she was in pursuit.

Eager and excited as she had now become, the young girl paused a few moments to listen for any sounds from below which might indicate the approach of Eady, for she felt a great repugnance to the thought of being detected in the secret explorations.

As she thus stood, a series of sounds came from the inner room which filled her with amazement and fear. A feeble, dissonant voice was suddenly raised, and a volume of words which seemed mere senseless chatter reached her ears.

What discovery was she on the brink of making? Should she go on or retreat before she had forever compromised herself with her stern grandfather, by invading the mystery of his singular household? She felt as if it was impossible to recede now, and with desperate courage, she approached the door, and placed her hand upon the bolt. Cautiously unclosing it, she opened a crevice sufficiently wide to enable her to scan the interior, and also to obtain a view of the singular occupant of the apartment.

The room was sumptuously fitted up, and lighted by a large window inserted in the roof. This window had been so contrived that the projecting eaves sheltered it from observation without, while a tremulous light struggled through the yellow glass with which it was glazed, giving the effect of pale sunshine to everything it touched.

Immediately beneath this window was a platform raised about two feet above the floor, which was covered with rich tapestry. On this was placed a large arm chair, on which the royal arms of France were carved, and upon the canopy above it was wrought a crown and sceptre.

One of the compartments of the wall was filled with a large picture representing the marriage of Louis XVI. of France to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and the weird fancy of the painter had shown in the filmy figures which filled up the background of the painting; forms shadowy as phantoms, yet full of expression, delineated the sad tragedy of these two lives, united amid so much pomp, to end in such unparalleled woe.

The windows of this room were concealed by heavy curtains of crimson damask, on which the arms of France were also embroidered, and the drapery around the couch bore the same insignia of the rank of the pallid phantom that occupied the chair of state.

A cadaverous, bloated creature, stunted in his growth, and bearing evidences of imbecility and disease in every lineament of his prematurely worn face, crouched upon the seat, and played with such toys as are usually furnished to young children. He vociferously sounded a baby's rattle, and seemed as much delighted with the noise it made as if he had not passed beyond the age of infancy. Robes of costly material clothed his person, and around his head was a circlet of gold, in which imitation gems glittered in the same order in which they had been placed in the crown worn by the Bourbon race in their day of power and pride.

After a few moments, he threw aside the rattle, and spoke in a rapid and querulous tone:

"Where is *la marquise?* My negress, my slave fails to come. What has become of my lord chancellor? Oh! I am hungry—I have had no lunch. I am hungry—h-u-n-g-r-y!"

The last word was wailed forth with an expression of childish impatience, and as he turned his head toward the door, his eyes fell upon the pale, astonished face of the intruder. His features brightened for an instant, and then sunk into an expression of confused fear and uncertainty. He beckoned Adrienne to come forward, as he muttered:

"Who is this pale girl? Is it a gobblin? No—no—pretty, too pretty. Come here; let me touch you; I touch everybody that comes about me; how can I be sure they are real, unless I touch 'em? Come here, I say; nobody crosses me in this house, for am I not King? Look there, and there, and there are the signs of my rank;" and he pointed to the crown and the arms which decorated the hangings.

Like one walking in a dream, Adrienne advanced and stood near enough to him to permit him to stretch forth his yellow hand and lightly touch her own. With a vivid thrill of repulsion she snatched it from the clammy contact, and shrank away, as she asked:

"Who are you, and why are you shut up here?"

"Have I not already told you," he petulantly replied. "Am I not King? I am Louis of France, and this is my hall of state. Pretty, isn't it? grand, isn t it? who has as fine things as I have? No one, I trow; for am I not King?"

"What insane mockery is this?" exclaimed Adrienne. "An imbecile prisoner taught to believe himself king over a great country! Again I ask, who are you, and who has placed you here amid the sham evidences of royalty that surround you?"

A sparkle of anger lit up his pale eyes, and he said:

"You had better go away, if you doubt my right to these things. My grand chamberlain shall teach you better. I will tell him how you have behaved to me when he comes in. Yes—I shall surely tell him."

"Who is your grand chamberlain, and when does he come to see you?"

"Oh, he is a grand man. He comes every day with my lunch. But he is late to-day, and I am hungry—hungry—h-u-n-g-r-y."

Again that strange discordant wail sounded through the room, but he suddenly interrupted it to exclaim:

"There! I hear him coming at last, and I shall see his grim face glower and flash upon you for coming in here to insult me."

To her intense terror, Adrienne also heard steps ascending the stairway, and her first impulse was to rush out and seek concealment behind some of the boxes in the anti-room; but the *roi faineant* seemed to fathom her intention, for he said:

"You shan't run away now, for I'll tell him you were here. Since you've come in here once, you shall come again, for you're the only pretty thing I've seen since they made me king. Yes, you're young and fair, and I like to see you here."

Summoning all her courage to her aid, Adrienne saw that it was necessary to stand her ground, and bear the consequences of her own act, let them be what they might.

She heard the voice of Mr. Lecour utter a loud oath when he found the door unclosed, and he came with rapid steps toward the upper room, followed by Eady bearing a waiter upon her head. White with rage, he rushed into the apartment, wearing a crimson tunic elaborately embroidered with gold, and carrying in his hand a chamberlain's wand of office. He bowed before the dais, and waved it thrice before he found utterance for the tide of anger that surged within him. He then said:

"Pardon me, my prince, but I am not answerable for this intrusion. This young person has committed an unparalleled outrage in coming into this portion of the house without my permission. I will settle with her myself, and guard against such an intrusion again."

He imperiously motioned to Adrienne to retire, and she would gladly have made her escape, but the Prince interfered.

"Let her stay, my lord, now she is here. I am not sorry she came, either. Let her come every day, and I will be good. I will give you no trouble, if this pretty creature may wait on me, instead of my black marquise. She makes very nice cakes, but she is ugly—ugly, and I like pretty things. If I am King, it shall be so; yes, yes, it shall be so."

Mr. Lecour turned fiercely toward Adrienne, as he hastily said:

"You see what you have brought on yourself by your miserable spirit of prying. You may henceforth consider yourself bound to servitude, for now you are *his* slave, as well as mine."

"I am willing to bear the yoke that duty imposes, as long as it can be borne without degradation. If it is made too burdensome, I will throw it aside, for I am no born serf," said the girl with spirit. "It was wrong, perhaps, to come hither without permission, but I do not regret that I have done so."

Mr. Lecour coldly replied:

"In making this discovery, you have raised a barrier to your departure from this dreary household, for I let no one forth who holds the secret of *his* existence."

"Who, then, is it who is mocked by a semblance of royal state in this desolate prison-house?"

"It is no mockery, but a faint shadow of that to which he was born. Adrienne, the child whose sufferings in the Temple, whose treatment by the infamous Simon, have filled the civilized world with horror and indignation, is before you. Louis XVII. of France is the imbecile who sits upon that mimic throne, crownless, helpless, but still a king in name as long as I have aught left over which he may reign as my lawful sovereign."

"I thought him long since dead," replied the young girl, in bewildered surprise at this singular announcement.

"So all Europe believes; but he is here, living and breathing before you. Kneel, and do homage to him as your true king."

Tears rushed to the eyes of Adrienne, for she was familiar with that touching story; and she bent reverently before the phantom of royalty, and said:

"Unfortunate Prince, consecrated by suffering, baptized in blood, receive the homage of a truly loyal heart. I rejoice that I came hither, since it gives me the right to brighten your sad life, by consecrating to you a portion of my own."

The Prince stared in dull surprise, but at length he seemed to comprehend that in future this fair creature was to devote herself to his service; and he put out his pallid hand and placed it upon her head, as he said:

"Good child, good child—loyal to her King. Yes—come and play with me every day. Come when la marquise brings my food, and you shall eat with me—it is tiresome eating always alone. You shall read me to sleep, and I shall be indulgent; oh yes, very indulgent to you. I will permit you to sit when you are tired; I will let you talk as long as I am amused, and you shall cut my hair; old Marquise pulls it, but your dainty fingers will be soft and tender."

The enthusiasm of Adrienne was slightly cooled by these words, setting forth the duties he intended to exact of her, but her young heart throbbed with compassion for the terrible wreck before her, and she did not recoil from the new path into which she had so wilfully thrust herself.

"Arise, Adrienne," said Mr. Lecour, "and endeavor to make yourself of some use. Bring forward yonder table, and place it before the Prince."

Thus commanded, Adrienne lifted a small carved stand and brought it to the spot indicated by Mr. Lecour. It was then covered with a white napkin, and several silver dishes, filled with dried fruits, cakes and nuts, placed upon it.

The Prince eyed them ravenously, and scarcely waited for the dishes to be placed within his reach before he thrust both hands into them, and began to devour their contents like one half famished.

Mr. Lecour stood respectfully in waiting, holding his wand in his hand, but the cynical smile with which he surveyed the scene revealed what was passing within him. It plainly said:

"Behold the descendant of the haughtiest line of kings that Europe has ever known, munching his food with the appetite of a brute—with no regard to forms—intent only on satisfying his hunger, while I, a man of the people, offer him the mockery of kingly homage, that I may gloat over his imbecile lack of all that dignifies man as man. Ah! is not this a triumph for a *sans culotte*."

Penetrated with shame and pity at this humiliating scene, Adrienne cast her eyes upon the floor, and stood silently before him, while Eady looked on in mute astonishment that the daring of the young girl had brought no worse punishment than a few rough words from the stern master of the house.

Louis devoured the whole of the lunch set before him, except one slice of candied citron. He placed this upon the fork he had not used, and offered it to Adrienne.

"Here—take this from my hand, my pretty Comtesse, and do not come again in that ugly dress. Take from my coffers the means to get nicer ones, and come hither in robes of state suited to your new rank. A king can confer titles, and you are now one of my court."

Adrienne accepted the citron, and pretended to taste it, but she thrust it in the sleeve of her dress. Mr. Lecour sharply said:

"Why do you not return thanks to his majesty for the distinction he has conferred upon you, and promise to obey his commands? Kneel, ungrateful girl, and kiss the hand that bestows such honors."

Louis smiled approvingly, and Adrienne felt compelled to play her part in the royal farce, or arouse the anger of her grandfather. She bent her lithe form, and bowed her head over the clammy hand that was extended toward her with an air of condescension she could not help feeling to be absurd. Mr. Lecour, however, looked as if perfectly in earnest, and she went through with what was required of her, at least with a show of outward respect for the fantastic claims this poor dependent creature had been taught to consider real.

Louis threw himself back on his seat, yawned portentously, and said, with pompous gravity:

"And now, my lieges, you are dismissed while I take my siesta. Madame la Marquise, see that I have an abundant and appetizing dinner; a superb dinner, with wine—yes, yes, but not red wine. I cannot bear to see it bubble out like the blood that was shed in those days when Simon held me, and forced me to look on while—oh-h, horror!" and with a convulsive shudder, he fell back in a species of cataleptic fit, as the memory of those awful days returned to him.

Adrienne impulsively sprang forward, caught the sinking head, and kept it from falling until Mr. Lecour lifted him with the assistance of Eady, and placed him upon the couch. She then saw that his limbs fell quite powerless, and understood how it had been possible to keep him in his prison without a chance of escape.

The young girl tenderly bathed his poor face with cold water, and he presently revived sufficiently to say:

"I need sleep, my lieges—sleep will quite restore us. Leave us now, that we may be ready for the dinner as soon as it is served. *Au revoir.* Madame la Comtesse, I command you to appear at my table in suitable attire; for the present, adieu."

He waved his hand, and bowing respectfully, the three thus dismissed retired, stepping backward toward the door with all the outward ceremony that would have been observed had the poor actor really enjoyed the rank to which he was born.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A CORRODING SECRET.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

When I was a boy, my parents lived near the castle-like residence of a dark-visaged New England nabob, of vast wealth, which he had made years before, in the slave trade, when that traffic was considered legitimate the world over. This old millionaire, when his tongue was loosened with drink, one day, when I was at his house, told me a story that he said he had long wished to tell somebody, as the secret burned into his very soul, and he must give it vent. And so he began:

"I had been in the 'trade' some five years, on my own account," he said, "and in the last few years had cleared enough profits on the sale of my cargoes, in the Havana and other Cuban ports, to purchase two of the most valuable sugar and coffee plantations on that island. They were new estates, and the rank soil was capable of a high degree of cultivation. It was therefore necessary to increase the labor force upon them, by the addition of several hundred hands; and I concluded to make a voyage expressly to obtain them.

"On arriving at the Rio Pongo, I learned from my agent there, that a negro factor on the Gaboon—a mulatto, known along the coast by the name of Portuguese Joe, or the king of Gaboon—had his *barracoons* filled with slaves—the very kind I was in quest of. They were all athletic young Congoes, just driven in from the interior. Having exactly the cargo which I knew would suit his yellow majesty, I lost no time in running down to his station, and signaled to him to come on board.

"After a few days I had contracted with this factor for the delivery on board of my vessel of five hundred slaves, selected from twice that number of Congoes in his barracoons. This number was made up of the proper proportions of both sexes, suitable for my plantations; and soon all hands were engaged in stowing cargo, and fixing up bulkheads to separate the men from the women. This important business was completed, and my little craft sat deeply in the water with her living freight.

"In those days it was not necessary for the slaver to be continually on the alert for British cruisers, but we worked leisurely, taking our own good time to discharge and receive cargo. The slave trade had not yet come to be regarded by the civilized world in the same light as piracy on the high seas, and the kidnapping of men, women and children of the African race was looked upon as a lawful pursuit, like that of whaling, or hunting of seals, now-a-days.

"We had stowed away, between decks, the last negro, and were hoisting home our anchors, while the land breeze of the morning was filling our sails for the return voyage, when a signal gun from the station called us to delay for a little time our departure. Soon after a boat, containing Portuguese Joe himself, was seen to pull out from the river, and sweeping gracefully through the white breakers that danced upon the bar, stretched out towards us. As he ranged alongside, I perceived that seated by his side was a remarkably fine looking young mulatto woman, whom I knew to have been one of his wives, for this African sybarite was the master of an extensive harem. She carried in her arms a young babe, and was giving vent to a flood of tears, while she appealed in vain to the mercy of her brutal lord. Her master, it seemed, had become tired of her charms, and had determined to rid his household of her and her child, by selling them to a life of slavery. He proposed to exchange them for an additional cask of rum; and as I was aware that so handsome a creature would command a round sum in the Havana, she was soon transferred from the boat to my own cabin.

"Before evening the low Guinea coast was lost in the distance astern of us, and we were once more alone in the world of waters. The waves of the vast Atlantic broke monotonously upon the silence that surrounded us; the slaver bounded from crest to crest of the billows with a joyous motion, as if instinct with life. Day after day, and night after night, she held her course westward, till at length she had reached that middle ground of the ocean where the equatorial calm belt carries with it the rainy season of the torrid zone. Here, amid continual showers, she rolled upon the waveless sea for days, till the under-current finally drifted her slowly within the influence of the south-east trades.

"It was during this portion of our voyage, the most to be dreaded by the slaver, as well as by his hapless passengers, when the mass of humanity crowded between the low decks swelters in the scorching heats, that I began to observe a change in the appearance of the young woman in my cabin. For a day or two her skin had assumed a swollen and almost livid character; and at length, on the evening of the second day, she lay upon the floor, in a wild delirium of fever, regardless alike of the presence of others and the cries of her infant. The child would have died from the want of nourishment had it not been for the kindness of my mate, a good-hearted man, notwithstanding his life had been spent in the hardening business of an African slaver. The tender-hearted man nursed the child as if it had been his own, and fed it with the pulp of pilot bread soaked in water.

"Four days were passed thus by the poor woman, who continually, in her delirium, raved of her lost African home and her unjust master. On the evening of the fourth day she recovered her senses. But with the return of her reason, to my horror, I discovered that she was attacked with that most fearful of all diseases on board of a crowded vessel—the small-pox! Fortunately myself, mate and the cabin-boy, who alone, with the exception of the sick woman, had access to the cabin, had all had the disease, and therefore had nothing to dread for ourselves. But our crew and our valuable freight of five hundred slaves were liable to it, if they came within reach of the contagion.

"It now became necessary to adopt some plan to prevent the spread of this loathsome disease. The woman was a valuable slave: but then what was her value compared with the amount I had invested in my breathing cargo? It was not a question of humanity, but of interest alone; and my first impulse was to toss mother and child from the cabin window into the sea, where they might become a prey to the sharks ever following in the wake of the slaver; for these voracious hyenas of the deep, with a disgusting instinct, were impatiently awaiting the horrid repast which disease and the suffocating heat might be preparing for them.

"But this cold-blooded murder was prevented by the interference of my generous mate, who suggested a plan he said he had before had recourse to under similar circumstances. This was to lash the woman and her child to a kind of covered couch and hoist them to the main-topmast, where they would not only be beyond all danger of communicating the disease, but would also have the benefit of what little fresh air was stirring. Accordingly, with the assistance of the cabin-boy, a mattrass was soon rigged, and we hoisted them aloft, where they vibrated in the rays of the scorching sun, with every motion of the vessel, as she rose and fell on the long, rolling undulations of the sea.

"For a night and two days the wretched woman and the infant, now also covered with the purulent eruption, swung between the burning heavens and the waveless deep. But on the evening of the second day, as we came within the welcome influence of the trades, the skies became suddenly overcast, and a fierce south-wester struck us, driving us before it at a furious rate. Soon the old ocean dashed into spray, and our vessel plunged headlong through the waves, dashing them from her prow like sheaves of burning straw. The sea was illuminated with the phosphorescent light peculiar to low latitudes, and all the signs indicated that we were to have a rough night of it. The vessel was got under close reefs, and all was made snug alow and aloft for a night with the storm-king.

"The work upon the after sails had to be done by the mate and myself, as we would permit none else to go into the main rigging. During all this commotion of the elements, the woman, who was alarmed by the violent motions of her airy prison, filled the air with her frantic cries, and begged most piteously to be released from her dangerous position. At length her cries, which even the whistling of the storm through the rigging could not drown, were more than I could endure, and I ordered the mate to ascend to her, and stop her noise with the cat. Whether he used the whip or not I cannot say, but her outcries still continued, and mingling with the howling of the winds, made me half beside myself with agitation. When I could no longer endure it, I requested the mate to turn in, saying I would stand his watch on deck, and would call him when the time was up. He had scarcely descended below the companion-way, when, framing an excuse, I sent the man at the wheel forward for a few moments, and gliding noiselessly into the main rigging, I passed upwards, till I stood upon the main-top-gallant yard, while the woman, unconscious of my position, vibrated below me. For one instant I looked down upon her, and the dying babe at her bosom, which she still clung to with all a mother's intuitive love, then down upon the tossing waters, as they seemed to leap exultantly toward me, and dare me to the deed my coward heart had planned, and then stretched out my hand, grasping a seaman's clasp knife; with one pressure of its keen edge upon the slender rope that suspended mother and child above the waves—one wild, ringing shriek, that mingled shrilly with the wild voices of the night, and mother and child became food for the fierce monsters of the deep, that for days and nights had been watching for them. Silently, but with a *curse upon me*, I descended to the deck, and calling the sailor again to his post, awaited the long hours when the mate should return to the charge of the vessel. At length he made his appearance, and entering the caboose, passed into the rigging with a cup in his hand, as he said, to see to his poor patients. After a few moments he returned to the deck with a strange expression upon his pallid face, and stepping up to where I stood, with the light of the binnacle falling upon his ghostlike features, and gazing into my eyes with a fierce expression of his own, he whispered hoarsely:

"'Captain D., that woman has fallen into the sea!' and he pointed towards the main rigging.

"'Ah! you don't say so, Mr. Monroe!' said I, with a start of pretended horror.

"'Yes, sir,' and he pressed his mouth against my ear, and fairly hissed between his closed teeth, '*Yes, sir, and the halliard was cut with a knife!*'

"From that hour the subject was never mentioned again. But from that hour, also, I never had the courage to look that man in the face—I could not. I was a murderer, and *he knew it.* But he kept the secret as sacredly as myself—he died with it sealed in his own bosom, but now it is out. I care not, for none but my seared heart will now be my accuser, and that hated spectre ever mocking my sight with its bloody skirts."

From the day the remorseful old man thus made me his unwilling confidant, I never entered his door, until, two years later, I went to his funeral. His wealth proved a curse not only to himself, but also to his heirs, who squandered it speedily, and became vagabonds on the face of the earth.

ON THE SANDS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Strange I should meet thee on the desert sand!
Should look up wearily and see thy face,
With its proud record of a vanished race,
Its brooding smile, its mysteries dim and grand
Break on the lengthening reach of arid land,
Like a sweet picture wandered from its place
In antique hall of carved and frescoed grace:
More strange the prescient thrill, as hand to hand,
As eye to eye we stood, two souls confest:
Two wayworn pilgrims striking common trail
Across the same Sahara, seeking rest
In God's great Oases behind the vail;
Two spirits dumbly waiting Heaven's behest
To rend the silence with a glad "ALL HAIL!"

THE DEACON AND THE COBBLER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

These things happened before the Maine Law was written; but yet the time is not so distant but that the actors are still living, and hence I have chosen to give my characters the benefit of assumed names.

Ezekiel Lapstone was a cobbler, and he had the name of being an honest, hard-working man. He owned a little cot in the village; and he owned a little shop close by it; and he owned a few acres of land, which enabled him to keep a cow, and to raise vegetables for the use of his family. Ezekiel's hammer was to be heard early and late, for the children of that neighborhood wore away the soles of their shoes rapidly upon the sharp gravel, and there was need of constant tapping.

And yet, notwithstanding all his hard work, Ezekiel Lapstone was very poor. His wife was obliged to forego many of the little comforts of social life, and his children were not dressed so well as children ought to be dressed. Some people said, No wonder; and they said so in view of the cobbler's large family; for he had six strong, healthy children; and as the eldest was only thirteen, they could do little towards helping their father earn a livelihood. And some other people said, No wonder; and they said so with another view. Close by Ezekiel's shop was the store of Adam Nichols, where, as was the custom in those days, a little bar was kept, in one corner, at which were dispensed glasses of rum and gin and brandy. These latter people said, No wonder, because they saw Ezekiel very frequently at neighbor Nichols's bar.

And I think these latter people were right; and, better still, Ezekiel himself came at length to think the same. It seemed kind of curious not to see the cobbler's merry face at the little bar in the corner of the store; and for a while his hearty laugh and humorous jest were sadly missed by the drinkers; but like all social changes, the people soon became used to it, and finally ceased to comment upon it.

One Spring Ezekiel Lapstone's cow died. It was a sad loss, but the cobbler bore up, and set about finding another cow; for a cow he must have, or his family would be without milk and butter. At length he found one that suited him, and he was assured that he could have it upon the most favorable terms. A farmer, living near the village, named Solomon Shute, had a cow to spare, and he offered to trade.

"I haven't got the money," said Ezekiel; "but I will pay you in boots and shoes."

Now Solomon Shute had several children, and as he had to purchase quite a number of shoes in the course of a year, he considered this offer good enough; and he told the cobbler he would trade in that way.

"But," said he, "as we don't know what may happen, it is best to make our bargain a safe one for all parties. I will give you the cow, and you shall give me a note for the amount payable on demand. Whenever I get a pair of shoes I will endorse the price of them on the back of the note as so much money received; and thus we shall both be safe; and when the note is all paid all will be right."

The cobbler could see nothing objectionable in this; so he took the cow, and gave his note, payable to Solomon Shute, or order, on demand, for twelve dollars; and he calculated that in two years, at least, Solomon's family would take up boots and shoes enough to cancel it.

And now comes another character—Deacon Seth Tobias. The Deacon was a shoe-maker; but he had a larger shop than had Ezekiel, and he did business on a grander scale. He employed many workmen, and sent off many boxes of shoes to the city market. But the Deacon did not work much with his own hands. He laid out the work for his men, and did the buying and selling. People supposed that Deacon Tobias was very wealthy, and hence they put up with the proud airs which his wife and children assumed.

But there was one individual who shook his head when people talked of the Deacon's wealth; and that individual was Ezekiel Lapstone.

"I don't know," the cobbler said. "I'm afeared the Deacon's in a bad way. If he don't stick to his business a little snugger, and leave off going quite so much to neighbor Nichols's bar, he'll be goin' down hill afore long."

And sure enough, in a little while Deacon Tobias failed—made a very bad failure—and many workmen lost much money which he owed them. But when he came to settle up, the law pronounced all his transactions to have been "legitimate;" so he came forth from the crash with "honor," and the poor men who had lost their pay, were assured that they had better keep quiet.

One thing troubled Deacon Tobias more than all the rest: He knew that Ezekiel Lapstone had predicted his downfall, and that said prediction had been based upon the assertion that he—the Deacon—went too often to the little bar in the corner of neighbor Nichols's store.

Now it so happened that Ezekiel Lapstone was a member of the church of which Seth Tobias was deacon; and a very worthy member was he, too—so worthy that the idea had been whispered about in certain circles of making him deacon. These things were known to Mr. Tobias, and so wroth was he that he was bent upon revenge. He declared that he would "bring the cobbler to the stool of repentance;" and to that end he set his wits at work to discover how he could best accomplish his purpose. He learned that Solomon Shute held Lapstone's note for twelve dollars, and at a convenient opportunity he approached Shute, and offered to buy the note. It chanced that the farmer was very much in want of money at the time, and, without stopping to consider what the consequences might be, he let the note go. Deacon Tobias now chuckled with satisfaction, for he fancied that he had the poor cobbler within his power. He had thought of suing the note, and getting an execution against Ezekiel, for he did not believe that the cobbler would raise the money to pay it. But, ere he had entered upon the execution of this plan, a better opportunity for revenge presented itself.

Of course, before suing the note, it became necessary that payment should be demanded; so the deacon called upon the cobbler for that purpose. Lapstone was astounded when he found that Tobias held that note; but he did not wish to have many words with the deacon, for he saw at once what it all meant.

"I agreed to pay that note in shoes," he said; "and I will do so."

"I don't want shoes," replied Tobias. "I want the money."

"But I can't pay the money. I never agreed to do so."

"Certainly you agreed to pay money, Mr. Lapstone."

"No, sir."

"But here it is, in black and white—'*For value received I promise to pay Solomon Shute, or order, twelve dollars on demand.*' There is nothing said about shoes."

"You know what I mean, Mr. Tobias. I mean that such was the express agreement I made with Mr. Shute."

"Ah—I don't know anything about that. I have come into possession of the note, and I must have the money."

"But I haven't got the money."

"You can raise it."

"No—I can't do it."

"Then let me have part of it."

"I haven't got a cent, sir—not a cent. The last penny I owned I paid for meat this morning."

"Perhaps you can pay it this week?"

"No."

"In two weeks, then?"

"No, sir. I sha'n't have any money in that time—not more 'n enough to keep my family in food."

"Very well," said Deacon Tobias; "we'll see what is the next thing to be done." And as he thus spoke he turned and left the shop. Several people were present to hear the conversation, and though their sympathies were all with the cobbler, yet they feared that he would have to suffer.

This was on Monday. On the following Thursday Ezekiel Lapstone bought a very nice dress for his wife, and new clothes for each of his children. He bought the goods at the large new store, and paid for them, in cash, nearly fifty dollars. When Deacon Tobias heard of this he was "on his taps" in a moment. Here was an opportunity to come down upon the cobbler with a vengeance.

"How that man did lie to me," he said, in relating the circumstance to his friends. "He swore that he had not a cent of money in the world; and he declared that he should not have any for two weeks; and yet, just see what he has been doing! A man who will cheat in that way must be looked after."

Deacon Tobias resolved to present the matter to the church. He knew that the cobbler had many friends who had been urging him forward as a candidate for deacon, and he thought he would now crush the aspirant, and nonplus his friends. He felt sure that he had a good cause. An action for falsehood and dishonesty would certainly hold against the cobbler.

And so Deacon Seth Tobias made his complaint, and Ezekiel Lapstone was summoned before the church to answer it. The meeting was held on Saturday evening, in the large vestry, and the place was so crowded that many were obliged to stand. It was plain to be seen that the most sympathy was with the poor cobbler; but then, if he had been guilty of the things charged against him, he must fall.

The meeting was finally called to order, and after some ordinary business had been transacted, Brother Ezekiel Lapstone was called up to answer to the charge preferred against him by Deacon Tobias. The charge was read, and it sounded very hard and severe. It was drawn up with legal precision, and the crime was set forth in startling phraseology.

What had Brother Lapstone to say?

"Bruthering and sisters," said the cobbler, rising in his place, "I can't make out the whole drift o' that ere dockiment, but I ken tell ye what I reckon it means. It means 'at Deacon Tobias come to me to git me to pay a note, an' 'at I told him I hadn't got any money, and 'at I shouldn't have any for two weeks."

"That is not all, Brother Lapstone," mildly suggested the president. "The charge furthermore sets forth that only three days thereafter you paid nearly fifty dollars in cash for dry goods and finery for your wife and daughters."

"Sartin," responded Ezekiel, "I understand all that. But in the fust place thar's somethin' about that ere note 'at aint exactly the thing. I gin that note to Brother Shute, and was to pay it in work."

The president reminded Brother Lapstone that that had nothing to do with the question. The only question properly before them was, How came the accused brother to make false statements in order to avoid paying the note?

"Then," said the cobbler, "I shall show you 'at that ere money wasn't mine—not a penny on't."

Brother Lapstone had the floor.

Ezekiel worked his way out into the open space before the president's chair, and spoke as follows:

"Mister President—Bruthering and Sisters—I think I ken show you 'at I aint quite sich a rascal as them ere charges says I am. In course I admit all that's said about the note, so all I need to tell is where that money come from."

The president nodded his head in token of assent.

"Wal," resumed Brother Lapstone, in a very calm and easy manner, considering that he was not used to public speaking, "I'll tell ye jest 'dxactly where that ere money come from. Jest two years ago—two years ago last Thursday—I said to my wife—'Betsy,' said I, 'I'm a goin' to turn over a new leaf.' Says I, 'I'm doin' wrong. I'm payin' away my money for strong drink when my family need it. I'm makin' a brute o' myself, an' my wife an' babies have to suffer.' And says I, 'Thar's Deacon Tobias—he's a goin' the same way, an' I'm goin' to take a warnin' afore it's too late.' Says I, 'the Deacon 'll git into trouble ef he don't quit it.'"

At this point Deacon Tobias arose to call the Brother to order; and Brother Lapstone was cautioned not to be personal.

"As I was a sayin'," pursued the cobbler, "I told my wife I was goin' to turn over a new leaf, and this was my plan: I meant to stop drinkin' entirely, and save the money for my family 'at I'd been in the habit o' spendin' for rum. Says I to my wife—'Betsy,' says I, 'I'll put the money into a box, and it shan't be opened for two years; and when it is opened it shall be all yourn and the children's. You shall have it to buy good warm clothes with?' She kind o' trembled, for she didn't b'lieve I'd do it; but I told her I would jest as true as I lived. Says I, 'Betsy, I'll fix it so: Every time I see Deacon Tobias go arter his dram I'll put three cents into the box,—I will, sartin.' And, Bruthering and Sisters, I did it. I know'd jest when the deacon took his drams, and when he paid his money over to the dram, I put mine into the box for my babies. But mind ye, I spent more money so than I'd ever spent for rum. Lord bless ye, when I was in the habit o' drinkin' I didn't have so much money—then I couldn't a' begun to keep up with the deacon; but, ye see, when I kept sober, and worked all the time, I was able to put by these little sums of grog-money without much trouble.

"Wal, as I was a sayin', I stuck to my promise, an' last Thursday the year was up, and we opened the box. An' how much do you s'pose we had; I'll tell ye: We had a few cents over *seventy-five dollars!*"

"Impossible," uttered Deacon Tobias. "That figure is entirely beyond reason."

"Let's jest look at it a moment," said the cobbler, in a business-like way. "I wouldn't a' b'lieved it at first, but it's all jest so. Now see: For the fust year Deacon Tobias drinked four times a day at neighbor Nichols's store, and I put into my box three cents for each dram. That, leavin' out the Sundays, would make over thirty-seven dollars. The second year he drinked a good deal more—so much 'at I couldn't keep up with him,—so I only put by the old sum. Ye see, my shop is right side of neighbor Nichols's store, and as I set on my bench, at my work, I ken look right over onto his bar; so I can't help a seein' what's a goin' on there.

"And now, bruthering and sisters, I've told you the whole story, jest as it is; and I want to ask ye—I want to ask the president—I want to ask every one on ye—Whose money was it in that ere box? Whose money had I been wastin' for years? Whose backs had to go bare—whose faces had to burn with shame—whose beds were cold and cheerless in the long winter nights—and who went hungry, for want o' the money that I squandered in drink? And now—arter all this, and arter the promise I'd made—with the cold winter close upon us, and my wife and children sufferin' for clothes—whose money was it in that box? Was it mine? Had I a right, under the eye of God, to touch a penny o' that money to pay the deacon's note? Decide it as you will—pass any judgment you please—I can look up to heaven, and feel in my soul 'at I've done right!'"

Need we tell what the decision of the council was in the case?

No. We need only tell this: Before the cold winter came Seth Tobias had moved away from the town, and Ezekiel Lapstone was Deacon in his place.

TOO LATE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I just remember, for I was but a wee thing at the time, when the Quentins came to live near us. There were a father and a mother, and four children, all older than myself.

I have a vivid remembrance of Captain Quentin's dress at that time, but a faint one of himself. The gold lace and the epaulettes, the sash and sword, riveted my attention, and the wearer was quite neglected. However, I came to know him well, but that was later. He soon went away, and I saw him no more for several years.

Mrs. Quentin I remember as well as it is possible to remember one who had so few idiosyncrasies, was so destitute of those salient points of character to which memory attaches itself with pain or pleasure.

I don't remember how long Mrs. Quentin lived after she came to Westock, but she took to her bed after a time, and lingered there for months, or maybe years. Captain Quentin came home before she died, and she had the inexpressible comfort of his society in her last days, and of holding his hand in hers until all earthly things slipped from her grasp.

When she was gone, the captain's widowed sister came to take charge of the household, and after that, for a good many years, no changes of any account occurred in it. The young Quentins grew up to the verge of manhood or womanhood, and I was just entering my teens, when Captain Quentin came home for the last time.

A fearful disease had ravaged his ship's crew during its last voyage, and the captain had been a sufferer. He was very feeble, and it being feared that he might lose his eyesight, he was invalided and sent home on half pay.

This was a terrible misfortune, as he said to my father the evening after his return, but a more terrible one was to follow.

By what stupidity or carelessness no one ever knew, but in the clothing and effects of the captain the contagion of that fearful malady had been conveyed into his household. One by one they sickened, and when at last the fearful trial time was over, only the feeble captain and his sweet daughter Mary were left of that band of loving hearts.

I believe I have not said that my father was the minister of Westock. He had lived there more than twenty years, and until then no one of his parishioners had died without first receiving from him Christian instruction and consolation, or the offices of religion.

Had he been alone in the world, with only himself to consider, I feel sure that no fears of contagion could have kept him from the bedsides of this suffering family. But for our sakes at home, he would have disregarded everything—personal safety, the orders of the physician, everything but his duty.

But it was over at last. Mary recovered her health, and even her beauty, which lovely gift we had once feared was lost, and we could once more visit our friends.

When we did so, we all remarked the change that had been wrought in the captain. He was feeble when he came home, but improving day by day, and full of hope that he should ere long be restored both to health and to active duty. But now his condition was pitiable indeed. He could not forgive himself for that which he morbidly considered a crime—for having brought contagion to his household. He looked upon himself as almost a murderer. He was wan, silent, and painfully sad. The iron had entered his soul, and it was evident to us all that his days were numbered.

There was, however, one most fortunate circumstance in his lot. His sight was quite restored, and the fears that had been entertained of blindness were entirely removed. Poor man, he seized upon this fact with avidity, and upon the hopes it gave him of perfect restoration immediately made application for active service.

He had saved nothing in his days of prosperity. His wife's long illness, his large family, the expenses of maintaining and educating his children, had even anticipated his income. And now, after the expenditure of this fearful time of illness and death, he saw himself hopelessly in debt, unless placed once more in active service and full pay.

Poor old man, I remember well how I used to watch him, as, clad in his faded undress uniform, he paced the garden walk in front of his cottage, day by day, waiting for the postman at his regular hours. How eagerly he would step forward as the man came swiftly round the corner, how impatient he seemed if he went to the opposite houses first, with what an air of disappointment he turned away when there was nothing for him. This was most frequently the case, for the Quentins had no relatives, and but few intimate friends. But sometimes there came those coarse, wafer-sealed missives which, in those days, had for the poor man a painful meaning—bills and duns. He would take them and turn sadly away, his feeble, stooping gait, as he entered the house, telling plainly how he felt the humiliation of his position.

So the days and the months wore on. Through summer and autumn, and into the late winter, he had watched and waited nearly a year in vain.

I never knew, but I suppose a severe cold, caught on some bleak evening that he waited in the little garden, aided the work of sorrow and disappointment. Hope deferred had made the heart sick almost to death. It needed little to destroy the feeble frame.

Word came to my father one morning that the captain was ill. He hurried to visit him, and my mother went also. From that time they seldom left him, and I, mere child as I was, was allowed to assist poor Mary in her cares and tasks.

His illness soon performed its work. He sank swiftly, each day bringing him perceptibly nearer the grave.

Every morning and evening he listened for the postman's knock, and turned away with a sigh when it was not heard, or heard only as the forerunner of a fresh disappointment.

"My country has forgotten me," my father once heard him murmur, "and the only heritage I can leave my child is my unpaid debts."

"Not so," my father hastened to say, with cheerfulness, "not so, dear friend. You leave her the inheritance of your good name and unstained honor. You have bestowed upon her an excellent education, and God will raise up friends in her hour of need."

"To God I commend her," the dying man said. "I wish to be content, but I have wished to live and work a little longer for her sake."

The next day he died, just at the early dawn. As I dressed myself, in the morning twilight, I saw from my window the nurse draw down the blinds of the sick man's room. In a little while she came out and closed the shutters, and I knew then that all was over. We breakfasted that morning without my father. He had not returned from the house of death.

On the morning of the funeral, and just as the sad procession was moving towards the church, the postman approached the gate. He held a thick, long envelope in his hand, addressed to Captain Quentin, and marked "On the Public Service." The captain's orders had come at last, when he could no longer obey them!

Too late! Yes, too late, the appointment to the command of a fine ship—the situation, the employment and emoluments that doubtless would, if received in time, have lifted the burden from his soul, and sent him forth full and well, and strong!

We brought poor Mary to our home. She had neither friends nor money, and was destitute indeed, in her sad, bereaved condition. But my father interested himself in the proper quarters, and obtained for her the pension allotted to the orphans of deceased officers. The sale of the household effects paid off the more pressing debts, and Mary determined to become a governess, a position for which her excellent education well adapted her, and to devote her little income to the payment of the remaining ones. Though sorry to lose her, we could not object to a decision so wise.

Mary remained with us several months before a situation was secured for her. We had loved her dearly before, but in that time she became almost as a daughter to my parents, and a sister to me. When she went from us, it was with the promise and understanding that she should always consider our home her own, and spend her days of leisure with us. She had no friends who ever interfered with this arrangement, and for several years she was with us as often as her duties would permit.

Then she went to the continent, with the family whose children she was educating, and for more than two years we did not see her at all.

She returned to us suddenly. Lady F., she told us, was dead. Sir James remained with his family at Florence, the children had grown beyond her care—the boys were at school—the girls under masters, the eldest about to enter society. We were glad to have her, and imputed her gravity and languor to the fatigue of her journey. We were busy, and our thoughts much occupied in preparations for a wedding. When parents are about to give their only child to a stranger, when a girl contemplates that most fateful event in a woman's life—marriage—they may be pardoned, perhaps, a little negligence of others.

None of us saw that Mary was sad, or even more grave than her wont, until after the wedding. I thought she wept more bitterly than the occasion demanded, as she bade me farewell. But I was whirled away, and in my new happiness, and change of scene, forgot that she had wept, or I had wondered.

She was very ill when I returned. A love-fever, my mother said; but my husband, who knew something of medicine, whispered the word "consumption" to me. We soon found that her case was one that admitted of little hope, and that little seemed destroyed by some wasting anxiety that oppressed her.

She listened, as her father had done, for the postman's knock, and trembled when sounds below announced the arrival of visitors. We knew that, from some cause, probably accidental, she had not heard for some time from her former pupils, to whom she was tenderly attached. We tried to comfort her by cheerful guesses, and prophecies of speedy good tidings. But she only turned away and wept.

At length the end approached. Mary knew that she was dying. She seemed to dismiss all earthly cares and anxieties, and awaited the awful change with cheerful resignation. In those last days her face, always lovely, was as the "face of an angel." And so she grew more feeble daily, sinking to her peaceful rest.

One morning a carriage drove hastily to our door, a loud knock re-echoed through the house, and a gentleman's voice was heard inquiring for my father. Mary heard the sounds, she half raised herself in bed, while a lovely flush, soft as the bloom of health that we knew would no more revisit her cheek, spread over her face.

She listened painfully, and at last, when footsteps were heard approaching, an expression of perfect joy shone in her expectant eyes. She motioned me to admit the visitors. My father entered, and closely following him a tall and elegant stranger—a man of middle age, with hair slightly gray about the temples, but yet in the vigor of his manhood.

The sick girl stretched forth her hands with a cry of joy. Sir James F. knelt beside her and drew her to his breast, and my father and I stole silently from the room. Such a meeting was too sacred for even our loving eyes.

An hour later Mary Quentin was dead. Joy did not kill, but it may have hastened her end. She was at rest—happy we could not doubt! But her earthly happiness had come too late!

"I waited for a proper time to elapse," said Sir James F. to my father. "I dared not speak to Mary ere she left us, though having always valued her as a friend, giving her the place the instructress of my children had a right to enjoy in my regard, I had learned to place her in a far dearer light in the sorrow and loneliness of my bereavement. By my reluctance to part from her, I knew that I loved her. But I did not dream that her heart responded to mine. The utmost I hoped was to win her consideration of the proposal I meant to make, when I paid her my promised visit in England. I waited too long. I neglected her entirely, in my desire to do every justice to the memory of my lost wife. I came too late, and my delay has cost one life, and ruined the happiness of another."

My little story is ended. How I wish, dear reader, that I had not been obliged to record that poor Mary Quentin's happiness came TOO LATE.

ONCE give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

SOME of us have a perpetual motion in our wooden heads as Wodenblock had in his wooden leg; and like him we travel on without rest or sleep, and have hardly time to take a friend by the hand when passing; and at length are seen hurrying through some distant land, worn to a skeleton, and all unknown.

SELFISHNESS, malice and jealousy generally live in the same bosom, as a porcupine, a prairie-dog, and a rattlesnake are usually found in the same hole. The difference is that the former are often at strife with each other, while the dog, the hedge-hog, and the reptile are always in harmony.

THE great Emperor Charlemagne stamped his edicts with the hilt of his sword. The greater emperor, Death, stamps his with the blade; and they are signed and executed with the same stroke.

"YOU should never, madam, consider the smallest trifle worthless." "Whilst, sir, I remember your precept and yourself, I shall be sure to consider nothing *worth less.*"

THERE are some men whose natures are so unmitigatedly wicked that it costs them more to be decent than it does others to be saints.

THERE are times when our souls are restless, and a voice sounds within us like the trump of the archangel, and thoughts, long buried, come out of their graves.

ART is the revelation of man; and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of Nature speaking through man.

NO doubt honesty is the best policy; but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest.

DON'T be eternally at law; let it not be always said of your children, while you are still alive, that they have a father in law.

NO matter how many kinds of lovely flowers a young woman may have in the garden of her soul if she hasn't *ane-money.*

THE suspicious man peoples the whole air around him with demons and goblins that are eternally jibbering at him and playing fantastic tricks with him.

THERE is a mystery in every young woman's heart, unsolved till her spirit is wedded to a kindred spirit.

WE know fools at sight much more readily than we do wise men—for we see fifty times as many of them.

IT might be difficult to say which would contribute most to the peace of a country—the execution of the laws or the lawyers.

SPARE that you may spend; fast that you may feast; labor that you may live; and run that you may rest.

GREAT events may be traced back to great thoughts, which stand to them in the same relation as obscure progenitors to illustrious descendants.

BRING up your children so that they will root easily in their own soil, and not be forever grafted into your old trunk and boughs.

MANY good men are like chestnuts—very pleasant nuts, but enclosed in very prickly burs.

A COMPASS is said to have thirty-two points; the compass of many a man's mind has no point at all.

YOUNG gentlemen, who idolize young ladies, always long to be "joined to their idols."

PEOPLE generally get married at night, when they can't very well see what they are about.

YOU can't reasonably hope to change your quarters, if you don't keep quarters about you to change.

PROBABLY contentment is quite as often a vice as a virtue.

AN erect mind that scorns to stoop is not often found in a stoop-shouldered body.

THE man who brews the most turmoils in the community is the *brewer.*

A TRULY scientific statesman is a seer; for every principle contains, in itself, the germs of a prophecy.

POETRY is the blossom and the fragrancy of all human language and thought and passion.

WHILST our friends forget us, our enemies often think of us, and lay up something in store for us.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A GENTLEMAN had his pocket picked at the ticket office of a place of amusement, one evening lately, by a most respectable-looking old gentleman, whom he had been cautioning against pickpockets and otherwise taken care of for some fifteen or twenty minutes previous to the old rascal's taking his purse, containing nearly one hundred dollars. In a miscellaneous public crowd it is always injudicious to bestow advice or sympathy on a stranger, however respectable his appearance may be.

A FIGHT is reported to have occurred in south-western Missouri a short time since, between the sons of a loyal citizen, respectively aged thirteen, sixteen and eighteen years, and a band of a dozen rebel marauders, who attempted to drive off the stock of the farm, and otherwise commit depredations. The boys being dead shots, and entrenched in the barn, soon shot down eight of the marauders, when the other four fled.

A FEMALE pickpocket was detected in picking the pocket of one of her sex, in an omnibus, the other day, and the victim, being of a military spirit, and having muscle to match, tore the adventuress's bonnet from her head, beat and scratched her face, pulled out a lot of her hair, and would probably have quite demolished her had not she taken refuge in the custody of a policeman.

A HOUSE was robbed in East Brooklyn, one night not long since, by a couple of men whom the servant girl had been in the habit of receiving visits from after the family had retired at night. People can not be too cautious in regard to fastening up their houses at night, and should never allow a servant to be the last one up or the last one to look to the fastenings.

AN ill-tempered nurse, in a family in Fourth street, becoming vexed with the child in her charge, rocked the cradle, in which it was lying and crying, so furiously that it upset, and the child striking its eye upon one of the sharp points of a spool-stand that happened to be on the floor, received an injury which, if it should not prove fatal, will disfigure it for life.

A MULATTO, who had been arrested for stealing some articles of trifling value from a huckster's street stand, attempted to get away from the policeman who had him in charge, and getting one of the officer's fingers in his mouth during the scuffle, he bit it severely, and had to be beaten over the head with the policeman's club before he would let go.

As a respectable woman was passing down Beekman street, the other evening, on her way to the Fulton Ferry, a ruffian attempted to snatch her velvet cloak from her shoulders, but it being securely fastened he failed; and a gentleman near, seeing the assault, rushed upon the villain, knocked him down, and kept him down until a policeman came up and took him in custody.

A LADY dropt her watch (a gold one) while crossing Broadway, one day recently, and had to run to the sidewalk to avoid the rush of vehicles, and before she could return to the rescue of her property, the watch had been passed over by several omnibus wheels, and crushed out as flat as a pancake.

A BABE, just beginning to walk, whose parents live in Green street, was killed one morning a short time since, by falling upon a grate of burning coals. The poor little thing fell upon its face, which was literally roasted, although the mother snatched her infant away seemingly in an instant.

SEVERAL boys, while fishing near Greenpoint, in the Newtown Creek, becoming annoyed at their ill-luck in not catching any fish, got to be quarrelsome, and finally began to pummel each other with their rods; while thus engaged one of them fell off a log into the water and was drowned.

A FEW days since, as an old man was crossing Broadway, just opposite the lower end of the Park, an omnibus, driven furiously, ran against him, and dashed him to the pavement so violently, that he was taken up insensible.

A COUPLE of sailors, who were somewhat intoxicated, got into a quarrel, in a saloon in South street, one evening recently, and one of them, drawing a large sheath knife, stabbed the other in the breast, inflicting a wound which it was feared would prove fatal.

FERDINAND CONRAD, a boy thirteen years of age, fell from the roof of his father's house, one afternoon lately, to the pavement below—a distance of about thirty feet—and was instantly killed.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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DECEMBER.

After an autumn that cajoled strawberry plants and other simple vegetables into the belief that another summer was coming, and so induced them to put out untimely blossoms and leaves, we feel the presence of winter at last. December grips us with cool assurance by the nose, and the feature takes a purple tinge under his refrigerating fingers. In the streets the pace of society is accelerated, in the house thin-blooded individuals gravitate toward the fire. Some stand colossus-wise with their backs to the family hearth, forgetful that the human body is not a good conductor of heat, and that domestic caloric is a diffusive stimulant which no gentleman has a right to focalize on his own person to the prejudice of his relatives and friends. Professional beggars, in a costume intended to excite by contrast the compassion of the warmly-clothed, are beginning to haunt the cold corners, and alas! honest Poverty, too proud to beg, sits hungry in many a fireless room. Merchants and brokers rub their hands on 'change, and the chill air adds wings to the speed of individuals bound on shinning expeditions about the fatal hour of Three. The little "blag-your-boots" offer to "shine you up" at half price, they feel so shivery; and the flower girls that flout old Winter with violet posies, proffer them with blue lips at twenty per cent. off for cash. Ladies have assumed their heavy winter cloaks, and encylindered their dainty hands in fur. Behind the plate glass windows of the Broadway dry goods stores, thick and sumptuous fabrics suggest ideas of comfortable magnificence, and in the toy shops the Saint of Fathers' Hopes and Mothers' Darlings, rosaried with glittering gimcracks, is regarded by the rising generation with rounded eyes. The windows of the confectioners begin to look frosty with sugar ice, and waffles are extemporised from little *al fresco* bakeries round the City Hall Park. In short, December is "in town."

Beyond the bricks the evidences of his advent are still more palpable. Go out into the fields in the early morning, and you shall see what an enchanter he is. From his night-robes, as from Prince Esterhazy's famous court suit, fall showers of seed diamonds. At sunrise they lie sparkling on the meadows, and cover the gray fence, with a veneer of light. Silvery lace, too, he hangs among the sedges, and of the field-spiders' webs he makes fairy bridal veils. If one believed in the elves, it were easy to fancy him jeweler and milliner to Titania. And then what wizard tricks he plays with the streams—fringing their shores with brittle semi-transparent terraces, and sometimes, when his spells are very potent, spanning them with fragile crystal. Now and then he indulges in a "white feather movement," and whitens the air a litttle with the shaking of his wings; but January and February are more prodigal of their plumes than he. Upon the whole, December does his spiriting with gentleness in these latitudes, and it is not until he has left us that we are made to feel what a bitter old Tyrant Winter can be.

INTERNATIONAL TIT FOR TAT.

A recent event on the ocean has brought to mind the liberties which British men-of war have taken with American vessels, armed and unarmed.

Most people have forgotten it, but it is a fact, that, in the year 1804, the British frigate Cambria, *in the harbor of New York*, boarded an American merchantman, and, right in the teeth of official remonstrance, carried off several of her seamen, who were claimed as British subjects. In the same year, an American coasting vessel, while going from one American port to another American port, was fired into by a British ship of war, and one of her crew killed. This event occurred within one mile of the American coast.

In 1809, the Chesapeake, an American frigate, while cruising on our own coast, was spoken by a British seventy-four, the captain of which demanded some British deserters, who, he said, were on board the Chesapeake. The American captain denied that any British subjects were on board his ship. The English captain demanded permission to search. The captain of the Chesapeake refused permission. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the American vessel not having a gun loaded, England and the United States being at peace, the British seventy-four poured into the American frigate a whole broadside. The Chesapeake struck her flag. A lieutenant of the British ship came on board, demanded and received the muster-roll of the crew, and selected four men as deserters, whom he carried off to his own vessel. Three of these men were afterwards proved to be native Americans. This most audacious and murderous act was repudiated by the British government, but *no reparation was ever made.*

A similar event took place in 1811, between the British sloop Little Belt and the American frigate President, but on this occasion the American frigate was ready, and answered the insolent fire of the sloop with broadside after broadside, laying low thirty-two of the British sailors.

These were not isolated cases. "British cruisers," said Mr. Madison, in his Message of June, 1812, "have been in the *continued practice* of violating the American flag, and of seizing and carrying off persons sailing under it;" and this, he adds, not in the exercise of "a belligerent right," but in that of a "*municipal prerogative.*" "Thousands of American citizens," says the cautious and unexaggerative Mr. Madison, "under the safeguard of their national flag, have been torn from their country, and dragged on board foreign ships of war, and exiled to the most distant and deadly climes." The same message shows, too, that Great Britain utterly set at naught the principle that no blockade is to be recognized unless it is sustained by an adequate force. Under pretence of mere paper blockades, says the President, our commerce has been plundered in every sea.

Now, what was the excuse for these outrages? Simply this: that Napoleon was hard to conquer, and that it was necessary to turn against him every weapon, and use all means to cripple and impoverish him. And observe: the treaty of Ghent is silent as to the principle involved in these outrages; England tacitly claiming that they were justifiable.

CREATURE COMFORTS IN THE NORTH.

While a large proportion of our misguided and blockaded countrymen down South are limited to a dietary of hog, hominy and johnny cake, the Northern bill of fare was never more copious, nor have its leading items for many years been so cheap. Butter and cheese, things impossible to any but the mandarins of sealed up Secessia, are quite accessible to our poorest handicraftsmen. To be sure, we have to pay ten cents a pound for South Carolina rice, but then the inhabitants of that high blooded principality are compelled to give twenty dollars a pair for Northern boots, and ten dollars a pair for Northern highlows. Cotton goods may have advanced an infinitesimal fraction in our market, but on the other hand, the price of tailor's ware is advancing so rapidly in Dixie's Land that should the war continue, many of its impoverished patricians may ultimately be reduced to the South Carolina costume of a shirt collar and a pair of spurs.

The affluent West, the mighty Goshen of the modern world, pours its abundance into our midst. The steam-drawn wains, freighted with the products of its fruitful plains and valleys, converge as usual toward the Cities of the Sea. There is no lack of the staples of life—wholesale, retail and *for exportation.*

A stroll through our markets is recommended to all croakers who are afflicted, like Pharaoh, with nightmare visions of lean kine and meagre nubbin's of corn. The great piles of game and poultry, the plenteous supply of butcher's meat, the vast store of butter, eggs and cheese, the mountain chains of choice vegetables, and the crowds of buyers, basket in hand, "on hospitable cares intent," that throng the passage-ways between the long lines of appetizing commodities, must convince the most gloomy-minded borrower of trouble that New York "still lives," and continues to feed on the fat of the land. She has her poor—thousands of them—but her wealth and her benevolence are equal to the burden.

AMERICAN PROVINCIALISM.

The provincialism of this country is deplorable. Let a fourth-rate clergyman, author, editor, banker, lawyer or politician come hither from Europe, and he is feasted, toasted, lionised, and in every way made much of. Even a discharged *valet de chambre*, or a cast-off governess, from abroad, is here treated with "distinguished consideration." The opinions of foreigners are quoted on our affairs from the quality of a quack nostrum to "the greatest military display ever seen on this continent." On the occasion of the late grand review of our troops at Bayley's Cross Roads, this flunkey spirit of provincialism ran rampant. This, that and the other foreigner said this, that and the other about our troops. The Prince de Joinville had never seen anything like it. Lord Gammon thought the manœuvres exceeded in military precision anything he had ever seen in Europe. Colonel Fitz Flam (who served in the Crimea) was certain that our volunteers were equal to British veterans. The Countess of Bellegunta had never before witnessed such a charming sight, although she had attended all the grand reviews on "the continent" for the last dozen years. And even a showman is quoted as declaring that "no such masterly exhibition of military training and field manœuvreing has been made in Europe within his recollection." Now, all this quoting of foreign opinion is to us offensive and disgusting. It forever keeps this country in a secondary degree of comparison, and puts us in the humiliating position of playing a national second-fiddle. We submit that if our natural born flunkeys cannot altogether abate their detestable provincialism that they should at least practice some degree of moderation in its exhibition.

THE INVASION OF MEXICO.

Spain is unwilling to limit her demonstration against Mexico to a war for the redress of grievances. She desires to conquer, "occupy and posses," with a view of either holding the country as a fief, or establishing a monarchy there with some nominee of her own as king. In this scheme Great Britain and France refuse to participate, and its execution is therefore indefinitely postponed. But the designs of Spain on Mexico are *only postponed*—not *abandoned.* Her Majesty, the Queen of Spain, and her cabinet, are wonderfully puffed up with the late success of the Spanish arms in Northern Africa, and with the *coup d'etat* in St. Domingo. Unless England and France positively forbid, the court of Madrid may at the first convenient opportunity, make a determined effort to carry out the project. There is little probability that it would succeed, even if Spain and Mexico were left to fight the matter out without interference. It is quite certain, however, that this country would go to war, if necessary, to prevent the consummation of such a scheme. No European power will ever be permitted to establish a monarchy in Mexico. Uncle Sam will never tolerate a Bourbon despotism—or any other despotism—next door to his dominions. If the Spanish government has any idea of attempting to reassume its sway in this hemisphere, it may as well prepare at once for a conflict with the United States.

GOVERNMENT AND THE GRUMBLERS.

There never was a system of governmental policy or action that satisfied an entire people. Statesmen, however patriotic, must therefore expect to have their motives occasionally misrepresented and misinterpreted by portions of the body politic whose interests they are laboring to promote. However wise and prudent their measures, their intelligence and foresight are sure to be called in question; however zealous and active they may be, their zeal and activity can never satisfy the demands of exacting cliques and factions. This is especially the case in communities of independent thinkers, where the tongue and the press are free; and *most* especially among the Anglo-Saxon race, who are *grumblers* by temperament and constitution. Patriotic rulers and cabinets have, however, this consolation, that the administration of mundane affairs by the King of Kings Himself does not please everybody, and that the wisdom of Providence has many a time been impeached in print as bitterly as theirs. When, therefore, the administrators of our public affairs are charged by one journal with being too slow, by another with being too fast, and by others perhaps with being something less than honest, they have only to turn to profane history to find innumerable cases parallel to their own, or to the Bible to see how even *absolute perfection* has been reviled, persecuted and slandered.

WAGRAM.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The campaign which resulted in the great victory of Eckmuhl, Napoleon ever regarded as the most brilliant of his achievements. From Eckmuhl he pursued the vanquished foe to Vienna, and after a bombardment of ten hours, took the city. The main army of the Austrians was on the opposite side of the Danube. Napoleon endeavored to cross by the island of Lobau, but was overpowered and repulsed at Aspern and Essling, and took refuge on the island, where he made his arrangements for the renowned campaign of Wagram.

It was at midnight on the 21st of May, 1809, when the French army of 70,000 men, leaving 15,000 of their own number and 26,000 Austrians dead upon the great plain of Marshfield, took refuge on the densely wooded island of Lobau, and withdrew to their own shore the pontoon bridge by which they had effected their retreat.

Before the dawn of the morning the tireless emperor was at the head of his corps of engineers, planning the construction of military works of the most gigantic description. They still remain, enduring monuments of his sagacity and energy. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks a new bridge was constructed, supported by sixty arches. It was twelve hundred feet long, and so wide that three carriages could easily pass abreast. One hundred feet below this, another similar bridge was constructed for the passage of infantry. Both of these structures were protected by powerful batteries. A third floating bridge was framed, of great capacity, which could at any hour be thrown across the stream. Though the Austrians, nearly 150,000 strong, anxiously watched the progress of these works, the batteries of the French prevented them from effecting any serious annoyance. They, however, constructed the most formidable defences to arrest the advance of the French after they should have crossed the river.

Yet all these immense works of Napoleon were merely a feint. A few miles farther down the river, in a ravine concealed by the impenetrable forest, a large number of flat-bottomed boats were constructed, capable of carrying 300 men each, and with iron-cased gunwales, which would rise and fall upon rings, and which would effectually protect the men from bullets. Each corps of the army was provided with five of these boats, and the particular point was assigned for embarkation and disembarkation. A large number of pontoon bridges were also secretly prepared, to be used in co-operation with these floats. As Napoleon was in possession of Vienna, and his communication with France was entirely unobstructed, he, with promptness amounting almost to magic, soon assembled upon the island 150,000 men, 40,000 horses, and 600 pieces of artillery. Every man knew his place, and the arrangements were all so matured that in two hours sixty thousand troops could cross the river.

There never was a commander more indefatigable than Napoleon in his endeavors to promote the comfort of his soldiers. One day the emperor passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner.

"Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good."

"It will not make us drunk," one replied; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube.

The emperor, who had ordered the distribution of a bottle of wine for each man, found, upon inquiry, that the wine had been purloined by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial, *and shot.*

The night of the 9th of July was black with clouds and rain, and a fearful tempest howled over the Danube. At midnight the whole army was in motion. To bewilder the Austrians, every battery opened its thunders, and the roar of nine hundred pieces of artillery blended with the crash of the elements. Those who had witnessed a hundred battles declared it to be the most sublime and awful spectacle war had ever exhibited. The Austrians stood mainly by their guns, sweeping the black and vacant field before them with balls and shells and grape shot, having no doubt that the French would attempt to cross the stream at the point where they had made such immense preparations. The terrible storm of war roused all Vienna from its slumbers, and not an eye could remain closed.

The tempest of the elements passed away with the night, and the morning dawned cloudless and brilliant. The emperor Francis, and his brother, the arch-duke Charles, who was commander in chief of the Austrian army, stood upon the heights of Wagram, where, to their amazement, they beheld a few miles down the river 70,000 French in battle array, so strongly posted that they could not at once be repulsed, while a large number of spacious bridges were thronged with infantry, cavalry, artillery, and munitions of war, crowding over to the field of conflict.

Napoleon had crossed in such a way as to take the foe in the flank, thus depriving him of the benefit of his entrenchments. The whole day was passed by the French in hurrying across the remainder of their force, and by the Austrians in concentrating their troops for the terrible battle which they knew would not be delayed.

Another night came, and a chill dense fog covered the plain of Wagram. Every soldier slept at his post. For three nights the emperor had allowed himself no repose, superintending every movement himself. At midnight he collected his marshals around him, giving to each one minute directions for the ensuing day.

With the earliest dawn of the morning the battle commenced. There were 150,000 combatants on each side, extending in dense masses of infantry, artillery and cavalry along an undulating line of hill and valley about nine miles. For twelve hours they fired shot and shell into each other's bosom, each party seemingly resolved to conquer or to die. There were many most desperate charges of cavalry and of infantry. Sabre clashed against sabre, and bayonet crossed bayonet.

Massena, though severely wounded and in great pain, gave his orders from an open carriage, in which he was borne over the plain, swathed in bandages. Napoleon met him, in the midst of a storm of bullets, on the battle field, and smiling said:

"Who ought to fear death, when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it?"

The emperor now brought up his reserve to pierce the enemy's line in an onslaught which he doubted not would decide the battle. Ordering Davoust, with his division of veterans, to fall upon the left wing of the foe in a bewildering assault, he formed his column for the resistless central attack. A hundred pieces of artillery, abreast, constituted its iron head. The infantry of Macdonald, sixteen thousand in number, in solid column and with fixed bayonets, followed. At a short distance behind advanced fourteen regiments of the cuirassiers of the Old Guard, who had never known defeat, and who never returned their sabres to their scabbards until after a victory. The guard were led by Bessières.

At the command of Napoleon this terrible instrument of war was put in motion. Macdonald led the charge. For three miles he forced his bloody way, penetrating the masses of the Austrians like a wedge. As Napoleon, with his glass, watched his advance through the tempest of lead and iron, which, from the Austrian batteries was hailed upon him, he exclaimed to himself several times, "What a brave man! what a brave man!"

At length Napoleon perceived that the division of Davoust and the column of Macdonald were beginning to meet. "The battle is gained," said he, and immediately Bessières was commanded to charge with the Guard. At that moment a cannon ball struck the horse of Bessières, and the rider was plunged headlong to the ground, stunned and covered with dust and blood. All supposed him dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and said:

"Let us go. I have no time to weep."

But fortunately the veteran warrior was unharmed. He immediately mounted another horse and led the charge. When that day's sun went down the Austrians were in full retreat, leaving twenty-four thousand of their number dead or wounded upon the plain. Perfidious Austria was now again at the mercy of the conqueror. Francis proposed an armistice. Napoleon promptly acceded. The treaty of Vienna which ensued, and which Napoleon conducted while occupying the palaces of the Austrian metropolis, added not an acre to the territory of France, but only strengthened her allies. The frontiers of Bavaria were enlarged. The little kingdom of Saxony received an accession of 1,500,000 inhabitants. The infant kingdom of Italy was also re-enforced, that it might be able, in case of necessity, more effectually to resist Austrian aggresstion.

"When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace, were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation."

Napoleon had but just signed this treaty when he received intelligence of the defeat of the French in Spain, by Wellington, at Talavera. He was much displeased with his officers there. "Those men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted; and yet they only bring one half their troops to the contest. Is it possible to manœuver more awkwardly? I cannot be everywhere."

A RARE BIRD.

Why don't some show-monger explore the globe to find that rare animal, a consistent person. I fancy he would be more puzzled than in any search he ever made for babies with two heads, or six-legged calves, or any other twistical freak of nature. I use the word twistical in this connection advisedly. I hate anything that twists. Some one has said—probably a person who wished to turn off with a joke a grave disregard of common honesty and honor—that to be inconsistent was only proclaiming that one was wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Perhaps an interrogation point might be fitly inserted after the word "*wiser;*" but, letting that pass, he whose conduct is mainly determined by the impulse of the hour, or by the last remark dropped in his ear, will hardly pass muster among the right-minded, stable portion of the community, whose yea *means* yea, and whose nay *means* nay, without any codicil of qualification or whittling down.

I suppose no person is at all times perfectly consistent; but your most intolerable specimen of inconsistency is he who, enclosed in a pharasaical panoply, gives out rules for the feelings and behavior of others, under certain circumstances which he himself is at the very time most palpably ignoring in his conduct. I once knew an old man who considered himself possessed of every virtue under the sun; sweet patience and forgiveness of injuries being the virtues he particularly plumed himself upon, and enjoined upon others, who unfortunately for him were gifted with sense enough to know "when the same rule did not work both ways." For many placid years this Moses had nothing turn up in his own experience to test this favorite virtue. At last the test came; and of course blew to the winds his pharasaical meekness in a torrent of vituperation upon the luckless offender, the like of which never was approached by any person whom he had edified with self-imposed lectures "upon the duty of forgiveness under injuries." Proving, without a doubt, this homely moral: that in going through the world it makes a vast difference to an individual *whether his own toes are trod on or those of his neighbor.* FANNY FERN.

A HINT FOR NOVEMBER.

What a ridiculous as well as wicked fashion is that which wraps furs around a little child's *shoulders* and exposes its little bare *calves* to the biting winds of winter. We often feel the most uncontrollable indignation to see a mother, herself comfortably and expensively dressed, dragging along a poor little pinched creature, whose mottled calves appeal to every passer-by against this inhuman custom. If beauty be the object, certainly symmetry of shape is quite lost sight of, in pity for the poor little victim. Equally absurd is the fashion of *white dresses* for children in frosty weather, while other parts of the attire betoken the presence of winter. If grown women choose to victimize themselves with thin shoes, or silk stockings, or any other mis-timed grave-yard folly, let them do it; there will be one fool less before many winters. But for the children, we bespeak covered legs and arms, and skirts long enough to protect the knees; and if mothers won't attend to it, may a good providence, in the shape of a grandmother, overhaul their wardrobe. FANNY FERN.

BOASTFUL BULLETINS.

It is a pity to spoil a good action by giving an extravagant account of it. Some gallant deeds have been done in this war, and a few in which skill and bravery were very happily united. But several of our leading newspapers have fallen into the habit of narrating these things in terms of such outrageous eulogy as must bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of the brave men who were concerned in them. Who would wish to detract from the merit of our soldiers and sailors? But, surely, it is not doing them honor to represent very ordinary and not very dangerous exploits, as "brilliant victories." One would think, to read the narratives referred to, that brave deeds had never been done before, and that war was a new invention. To us of this generation, war is indeed a novelty, and that is, doubtless, the reason why we stand amazed at some of its commonest events. As we get the hang of the thing, however, let us by all means be more modest, and not discredit the great deeds of the past by boasting unduly of the exploits of to-day.

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MANKIND may be divided into three classes: those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances; and those who act from impulse.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 98.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

BOOK-KEEPING.

Somebody has sent to me a very nice book, *on Book-Keeping.* And no book could have been more timely. There is no other point on which I have a more lively interest than that of keeping books. In fact, I have found it very difficult to get them, and still more difficult to keep them. There seems to be no conscience formed as to *book theft.* It is doubtful whether any indictment could be made to lie against a man for such an act as borrowing and keeping your book. It is rather a mark of confidence. He thus says, "Ah, he is my friend, and he will not expect me to carry the book again to him. When he wants it he will come after it. We always have things in common." Pencils, umbrellas, canes, and books are not property. They cannot be appropriated by one man as owner. They belong to the category in which is included air, light, water and fire; who wants them may have them. I will not say that this is yet the written law. It is the common law.

Books? The only bodies are they, for noble spirits, that have no ailments or annoyances. Books talk to you not through the ear, but another way. They shout their silent meaning at the soul through the eye. They never importune, and are never reluctant. They are always full without eating. They are still, but never sleep. They grow old without infirmity. They are neither sick nor wrong; they outwatch the watcher, and greet the morning, and wait for the stars at evening. For every other guest we make a couch and spread a table. But strange are the manners of books and pictures, that bring rest to our perturbations, and are guests that perform all the offices of hospitality for the host.

Why should *they* be singled out for theft? When my spoons disappear, there is at least a pleasure in saying, "A *thief* has got them." But even that pleasure is denied me when books appear no more.

Once there came an artist with letters of renown from a friend. He needed help. A fine copy, had I, of "Stuart's Athens" uncut, large paper, early impressions. So gladly and greedily did he devour the matter therein, that I was beguiled, tempted of the devil, to offer to let him take the precious volumes to his room, the better to ease his tasks and help his toil. He took them. He thanked me much, and his face glowed. The volumes were large—three—and heavy;—they ought to be, since they had the Parthenon in them, and the whole Acropolis, and many temples to boot. He went, they went, four years went, and he never returned, nor have the books returned! They are gone! That thief of an artist—I sigh for revenge. Could I have and hold him, he should be shut up in a book case, for indefinite years, and be sentenced to read Tupper or Wise's Letters. No. I relent. Not the last. Punishments may be severe but should never be cruel.

How many *first* volumes are gone? What is a widowed volume? Oh that they would take the *set*, if they will take any! The surprise of their "taking off" comes to you too at unexpecting moments. You are discussing with a friend of some matter, there is illustration or proof in Kugler's Handbook. You run for it, and then first learn that it is gone! That gem from Didot's press—all that you know of it is—it *was* here, it *is* not here, and it never will be here. That last clause is the result of long experience. If a book is poor, it's not worth the trouble of returning; if good, it is too valuable to be returned.

When we are Pope, we intend to make great changes in the Creeds and Articles. Stealing books, i. e., borrowing them, shall be put among the mortal sins, and private revenge upon stealers of books shall be venial, under a very slight tariff.

Then, when we are Emperor, we intend, every year, to require each man in the Empire who can read and write, to make solemn search of his household, and to file an affidavit that there is not remaining with him a borrowed book! Thus I would reinstate the old Jubilee; only, for men, it was once in seven, and once in fifty years: but for books it should come as often as *Thanksgiving, Christmas* and *New Year's*, come!

My dear Mr. Bonner, you will now understand how delighted I was to perceive that this subject was attracting attention, and that treatises were written upon it. "*Book-keeping*"—for schools, too, it says. That's beginning at the right place! I have not read the book yet; but *any* attempt to rectify this great evil of books that cannot be kept must do good. I commend them to Sabbath schools. "Practical Book-keeping." Admirable theme! Much-needed reform! "Embracing," saith the cover, "single and double entry." This is obscure. "Entry?" does this refer to the act of entering once and twice for books? Why limit it to *single and double;* why not say ten and twenty times entry? Men that will take one volume would take twenty if they could; if they come once they come twenty times.

But, perhaps this is explained in the book. I shall read it soon. No doubt it will be another excellent moral aid to weak consciences. The work that will teach *me* BOOK-KEEPING, will do what nothing has done before. I cannot *keep* money. I cannot *keep* books. Blessed is he that shall teach me how!

HOW TO COOK FOR THE ARMY.

MR. BONNER—Having read articles on army feeding, in the LEDGER, and having some experience in feeding large numbers in military encampments, I think a mode such as the following would be better than the present uncomfortable and unhealthy one:—Let a mess tent be provided for the use of two companies, having attached to it one of those handy, portable cooking-ranges, for wood or coal; also canvas extension tables, tin plates and bowls. One army wagon, in moving, could carry all these appliances for two companies, and in case of an engagement the tents would answer for the wounded. With such facilities as these, *one good cook*, with the assistance of a couple of men from the ranks, could take the rations that are allowed for the two companies and cook them, not only so they would be fit to be eaten, but actually render them nutritious, healthy and palatable. And one superior cook, who knows his business thoroughly, and who understands how many kinds of soup a bone of beef will make, by having such an arrangement as I have described, can take fifty men, (good cooks,) with as many more assistants, and furnish three good meals a day for 10,000 men, with ease.

Respectfully yours, P. E. MORE.

Hudson, N. Y.

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ERROR.—The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole; as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

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HASTY words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

THE MONUMENT OF COL. BAKER.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE WILKES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE GREAT NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF, PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Can we ever forget him, the gallant, great one
Who for us in that wild battle died,
With our Banner of Union still spread to the sun
In the old starry flush of its pride,
While a smile lingered over the cheek of the brave,
Though his life-blood gushed out on the ground?
No! the laurel that lies on his hallowed grave,
Is for time and eternity wound!

II.

Ask ye, "*what* shall the Monument be for his fame
Shall the column of marble arise,
With its capital bearing his patriot-name
To the thunder-god's throne in the skies?"—
No! a Monument grander for BAKER must soar,
Where his sabre so fearlessly gleamed:
It must be his own *Country*, as great as of yore,
From the Demon of Treason redeemed!

III.

Then, to arms, then, to arms, all his comrades again!
O'er the wreck of Rebellion's last rout
Bid that Banner, so loved by the glorious slain,
Like a tempest of triumph roll out!
Yes, Monument, soon shalt thou gladden each eye,
With the rainbow of Peace o'er thee curled,
While our Hero and Statesman beholds, from yon sky,
Every Arnold to infamy hurled!

IV.

O, my Country, my own darling Country, how dear,
And how grand, when we dare sheathe the blade,
Shall thy glorious star-girdled forehead appear,
Though in cypress for martyrs arrayed!
More magnificent still from the war-furnace passed,
Thou shalt tower with holier worth—
Hailed again by the nations in tyranny cast,
HOPE and GLORY and JOY of the Earth!

* * *

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER XV.

"Every fox must pay his own skin to the flayer."

Unable to resist the tremendous pressure of the Castilian van, the first line of Portuguese was broken; whereupon Mem Rodrigues and his brother, who had charge of the right wing, wheeled round and brought their whole force to bear upon the left flank of the Castilians, in order if possible to stay their further progress on that side.

"*Portugal e Sanjorge!* to the rescue!" cried Antâo Vasques, observing the movement of the other wing; and he dashed on, followed by those that acknowledged his authority. But he had not gone far, when, perceiving that he was not supported by his colleague, he halted.

There stood Cabreira as motionless, and apparently unconcerned, as if he intended to be a mere spectator, without taking any share in the action, while those under his command gave unmistakable signs of agitation, gesticulating and whispering to each other, as if at a loss to comprehend the dilatoriness of their chief. There stood likewise the strange knight, again at his post, backed by his sturdy little band.

Had the two Castilian wings come up at this juncture, there is little doubt but the day had been instantly decided in favor of their monarch; but as yet they gave no indication of an advance. The lord of Valverde, who, with the quick eye of an experienced leader, had foreseen the moves that would or ought to be made on both sides, if the Portuguese van gave way—which he had counted upon as inevitable, and the event proved the correctness of his calculation—became exceedingly anxious and restless when he saw there was such mismanagement on the part of those he wished to favor.

"Dom Garcia de Cabreira," cried the *esbulhado* in a voice of thunder, "is it thus you do your duty? The present crisis can brook no delay; be quick and join your force with that of Antâo Vasques."

Cabreira, disappointed in his expectations, and judging that his best course for the present was to keep on his mask till a more favorable opportunity presented itself for the execution of his treacherous plan, was on the point of giving the word of command to join his colleague, when he saw the enemy's right wing suddenly start off in full career. The traitor's hopes brightened: within a few minutes he would have it in his power to effect his purpose.

"I marvel at your presumption, sir knight. Thrust not your counsel on me, till I ask for it; I'll brook none of your meddling, and shall direct my force according to my best judgment," was the haughty reply of Cabreira to the imperious command of the *esbulhado*.

"Seize the recreant knight and traitor!" rejoined the unknown, addressing his little cohort, as he pointed toward Cabreira.

At a signal from their comrade, they rushed forward to obey the command; but, before they could reach the lord of Valverde, the latter was surrounded by all the knights and squires who fought under his pennon, and now clustered round their leader in order to defend him.

"By my troth!" cried Nuno Viegas, whom the reader will remember as one of the dice players at the castle, "by my troth! this is novel, and might raise a laugh were this a time for child's play and foolery. What warrant sustains you, that you, a simple and nameless knight—if it be that the spurs you wear are not unduly assumed—should make bold to bring forward such a charge, and attempt to lay hands on one who was posted here by His Highness' command! Back, varlets, or you'll be hashed into mince-meat!"

The little band, seeing the threatening aspect of Cabriera's followers, retreated a few steps.

"Beware, fair knights, how you befriend one whose disloyalty is now beyond a doubt. Leave him, and hasten to re-enforce the brave and trusty Antâo Vasques," said the *esbulhado* in an authoritative tone, the sound of which was somewhat dissimilar to that in which he had previously spoken; and there were among the cavaliers, and Cabreira was of the number, who quailed on hearing that voice.

"We obey none," replied Nuno Viegas, "but our chief, and follow no pennon but that of Cabreira."

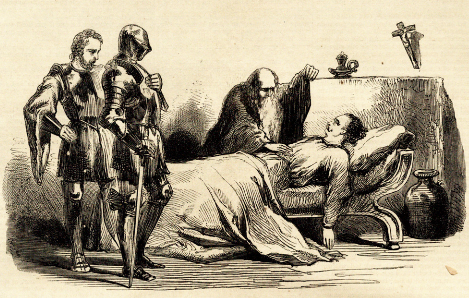
"Do you, then, refuse to follow your king?" cried the strange knight, as he raised his visor, discovering the well known features of the young monarch, now flushed with anger.

The effect of this appeal was magical; the shifting of the scene was as sudden and complete as those abrupt changes in the fanciful combinations of the kaleidoskope. The followers of Valverde, while rallying around their commander when interfered with by one who appeared to act on his own responsibility, were perplexed and nonplussed regarding the inconceivable inactivity of Dom Garcia in so great an emergency; yet, his military skill was so well established that most of them attributed this apparent supineness to his intention of carrying into effect some master-stroke of his own, when least expected. But the unexpected appearance of their prince, whom all imagined to be under cover of the royal standard, acted upon their minds in a way which may be compared to the sudden dissolving of a mist, exposing to view that which before had been concealed, or scarcely discernable in its outline. A moment or two later, every knight and squire that had gathered around Cabreira, was standing near the king, and the disloyal captain found himself abandoned by all.

But the little troop that had accompanied the king were quite as amazed and thunderstruck on discovering who their leader was, as any of the persons present, which was revealed by the various attitudes they fell into, all indicating surprise. If any one could have peered through Cabreira's visor, it is probable that the sight that had met his eye, would have been sufficient to show that the lord of Valverde's powers of dissimulation were not proof against surprises of this nature. The incidents of the previous day, which then had seemed to clash with each other, but which he thought to have satisfactorily accounted for, flashed through his brain the moment his eye fell upon Dom Joâo's countenance; and, now convinced that he was irretrievably lost, his followers had scarcely left him, when he made a start towards the enemy's right wing, which was still seen advancing at full speed—for what I have taken so long to describe, was but the work of a few moments.

"Bring him back alive, if possible," cried the king, as his little guard set off in pursuit of the fugitive; then turning to the six score knights and squires that surrounded him, he said, "and you, fair sirs, lend your support to Antâo Vasques, and see if the evil done by this delay may be amended; the gallant Mem Rodrigues is hard beset, and we have nought to fear from the Grand Master of Alcantara—see, he comes not this way. To the charge, and St. George speed you! I must to my post."

Cabreira ran for his life, with the hope of future wealth if he succeeded in making good his escape. A minute or two more would have brought him to the advancing wing, unless, indeed, some dart from his pursuers had overtaken him, should they have concluded there was no chance of reaching him in time, when that body headed by Don Gonçalo Nunes de Gusman, Grand Master of Alcantara, made a sudden sweep to their right thus unconsciously avoiding the fugitive. The fact is, Cabreira had been entirely misled in supposing that this wing was coming to sustain the Castilian van; the real aim of the Grand Master of Alcantara, as was now made patent to Dom Garcia, was to take the Portuguese in the rear, and attack the baggage or camp-train. This was one of the great faults committed by the Castilians on that memorable day; the Spanish historians themselves condemn the charge as most unlucky and injudicious, for, say they, this was the only retreat left to the Portuguese, supposing they had thought of taking to flight; hence, on seeing this last avenue closed against them, they would naturally continue to fight with still greater desperation.



CONVALESCING.

Escape was no longer within the reach of Valverde, and his pursuers were close upon his heels; so, like the stag on finding itself in a hazardous and helpless position, he turned and stood at bay, wielding his battle-axe with desperate vigor; and before he could be overpowered and seized, he wounded several of his assailants.

"Art thou not Vasco Peres?" asked Cabreira, as he was hurried along by his captors, addressing himself to the leader.

"My tongue is free now, and I admit that you have guessed right," replied Vasco, for it was no other than he.

"I was certain of that. Beshrew me, cooper, but thou hast made a happy rise in the world; thou canst be nothing less than a squire now, seeing that thy present service is so near the king's person," rejoined Cabreira, with a sneer.

"Indeed I am neither a squire nor did I know till now that His Highness was so near us," said Vasco.

"Further dissimulation is idle, Vasco Peres; you cannot make me believe that you were ignorant of the quality of him you obeyed. This was all a concerted plan in which you knowingly bore a part."

"I repeat, senhor, I was not aware the king was with us. But, in truth, your conviction to the contrary matters little to me. Braz Martinz," continued he, as they were within a few steps of the spot where they had been stationed a little before, "conduct Senhor Dom Garcia to the rear, and keep as watchful an eye upon him as the miser upon his gold. We shall meet ere long, if God and his saints be with us."

So saying, Vasco Peres separated himself from the coopers; for the band was wholly composed of our old friends of the workshop in Alcobaça. The latter proceeded to dispose of the prisoner they had in charge in such a way as to prevent his escape.

While Antâo Vasques, with the whole of the left wing under his command, rushed on to attack the enemy, and thus relieve the pressure upon the van, whilst supporting the other wing—which, though it had succeeded in checking the impetuosity of the Castilians, was now contending against large numbers, having, moreover, seen one of its captains, Mem Rodriques, carried off the field severely wounded,—the king attempted to regain his body-guard by fighting his way through some of the enemy that intercepted his passage. He was only a few paces from the royal standard, when a cry was raised that the constable was in danger. Desirous of bringing a sufficient force to his general's relief, he shouted:

"*Avante, avante! Sanjorge Portugal! Sanjorge Portugal! que eu sou el rey!*" (Forward! St. George Portugal, for I am the King!) At the sound of his well known voice, the royal standard and the body-guard moved forward, followed by the rear. But the words had scarce been uttered when a young Castilian hidalgo and knight, Don Alvaro Gonçales de Sandoval, becoming aware thereby that the Portuguese monarch was within his reach, rushed up to attack him. Dom Joâo raised his battle-axe, which Sandoval received in full upon his shield; and then, casting his sword to the ground, with the rapidity of lightning seized the axe in his vigorous grasp, wresting it from the king's hands. The act was so sudden and unlooked for, and performed by so robust an arm, as to force the king down upon both his knees. The king's life was at the mercy of his foe; for the weight of his armor would have prevented him from rising in time to defend himself. Sandoval swung his arm and allowed the head of the axe to slide from his hand while he grasped the end of the handle; another motion raised the axe aloft, and its fall would have decided the fate of a nation, when, at that critical moment, the king felt himself seized in a muscular gripe and brought to his feet. The ponderous weapon fell; but Dom Joâo, with perfect presence of mind, raised his shield, and receiving the blow thereon, in his turn laid hold of the axe, wrenching it from the hands of his antagonist; but as the prince was about to renew the attack, he saw Sandoval fall—Vasco Peres had sheathed his sword in the body of the Castilian. At the same moment Dom Joâo was surrounded by his body-guard, among whom it was easy, by his armor, to distinguish the *esbulhado*.

"Who was it that lifted me to my feet, and thus saved the life of his king?" asked Dom Joâo.

"The same who slew yon knight—Vasco Peres, the cooper," replied the *esbulhado*; "but he has been as speedy in avoiding your Highness's thanks as he was in coming to your rescue, for I see him nowhere."

And even so it was; seeing the king out of danger, and guarded by his vassals, Vasco had betaken himself to another quarter of the field.

The urgency of the moment prevented any further words upon the subject, and the king, and those under his immediate command, were soon engaged in the thickest of the fight, greatly relieving the pressure which, till then, the constable had bravely withstood.

The King of Castile, having been in a feeble state of health for some time past, was not able to appear on the field, and leaving the whole management of his army to his generals, had remained in the royal tent; but the standard of Castile had accompanied the van in its onslaught, and was now seen proudly soaring aloft, not far from the front line of the Portuguese. The battle was waxing hotter and hotter every minute; the number of the invaders was overpowering, and had there been concert and good management among them, those who were struggling for the independence of the soil might have succumbed; as it was, serious doubts of the issue began to invade the breasts of the stoutest among the Portuguese warriors, for there was every appearance that the little army would be hewed to pieces by the serried ranks of the enemy. All of a sudden the royal standard of Castile fell, which seemed to cause some alarm among those that fought under it; for the Portuguese became sensibly aware of less ardor on the part of the enemy. A tremendous shout of *they fly, they fly*, was now raised by the Portuguese in the rear; whereupon the Castilians, as if panic-stricken, began to turn their backs in good earnest; for they looked in vain towards the spot where their colors erst had waved—they rose no more. But a considerable part of the Castilian nobility scorned to flee, and continued the combat till it was made public that their sovereign had taken to horse and made his escape from the field. And so it was; Don Juan was no sooner informed that the royal standard had been struck down, falling into the hands of the enemy, than, conjecturing that the day was lost to him, and listening to those that surrounded his person, he mounted a horse and fled with a few of his followers to Santarem, which he reached that night at twelve o'clock.

As soon as this news spread, the whole army was seized with consternation, and the rout became general. One single division still resolutely kept the field, hoping to retrieve the broken fortunes of the day; it was the right wing of the Castilians, led by the Grand-Master of Alcantara, now striving their utmost to break through the defences of the Portuguese camp-train, which they might have succeeded in effecting but for the timely reinforcement sent by the Portuguese; for as there was nothing more to be done there where the contest had raged the highest at first—in the front line—the constable led a body of troops against the Grand-Master of Alcantara, and finally drove him from the field, thus completing the victory, and giving the finishing stroke to the celebrated battle of Aljubarrota.

I will not detain the reader with an account of the numbers killed, nor of the immense booty taken possession of, after the defeat of the Castilians, as this has nothing to do with our story. It will suffice to say that no estimate was ever made of the loss sustained by the infantry of the vanquished; it is known, however, that 2700 lances left their bodies on the plain, but by far the greater part of these perished during the flight, for then the peasantry turned out in large numbers, and despatched all the fugitives they could lay hands on. This sufficiently explains how it was that scarcely 200 were slain on the side of the Portuguese. The chroniclers aver that less than half an hour elapsed between the commencement of the battle and the capture of the royal banner of Castile.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Great weights may hang on small wires."

Just after the constable had separated from Dom Joâo, in order to defend the camp-train from the attack of the Grand-Master, the king's eye fell upon the figure of a knight, whose head was bare, and whose badge and armor declared him to be one of the enemy. The knight was on foot, and was coming towards the place where the king and the constable stood, but moved away as soon as the latter departed upon the enterprise referred to. It was at this moment that Dom Joâo noticed, and, after a little observation, recognized him.

"So-ho, there, Diego Alvares! ho there, Diego Alvares!" shouted the king; "come hither, we would have a word with you!"

As the reader will doubtless remember, this was a brother of the constable, and therefore a Portuguese, who had taken part with the Castilian pretender, and who, in the course of this story, has been more than once mentioned in connection with our heroine. Another of the constable's brothers had also backed the same cause; this was Pedralvares Pereira, Grand-Master of Calatrava, who commanded the enemy's left wing, and had perished in the commencement of the action.

As Diego Alvares did not obey the prince's call—probably fearing that no good was in store for him, for he only relied on his brother's intercession in his behalf—and seemed to hesitate between a retreat or an advance, Dom Joâo went up to him, and seizing him by the arm, said:

"What fear you, Diego Alvares? We alone can be your shield, and mean to prove a better friend to you than you have shown yourself to us this day. Come with us, or you will be butchered by this frantic people of ours, whom victory has intoxicated, and placed beyond our control."

"You were ever accounted a generous-minded prince, sire; even your enemies dare not deny you this quality," replied Diego Alvares, as he walked along with the king, expressing heartfelt thanks for a treatment so far beyond his expectations.

"You must know something of Joâo Gonçalves de Ataide; I would fain save him from death if he is still within my reach," said the king, moved, perhaps, by reasons which the reader may readily conjecture.

"This new proof of magnanimity and forgiveness in your highness must needs confine itself to the intention, for Joâo Gonçalves is far removed from human aid or succor; I myself saw him fall while bravely fighting."

"In a bad cause," added the king; "but I have a question to put to you, Diego Alvares."

The king's speech was cut short by loud cries, implying that the person of the constable was in imminent peril. Hastily recommending a knight, named Egas Coelho, who stood by, to see that no harm was done Diego Alvares, Dom Joâo, attended by a strong guard, went to the rescue of his loyal and well esteemed friend and vassal.

"Canst thou give me any tidings of the fair Elvira Forjaz of Runa?" asked Diego Alvares of Egas Coelho, with whom he had been on intimate terms in former days.

"Alas! much evil has befallen the lady of late: accused of conspiring, she has been imprisoned in the castle of Alcobaça, and her estates seized and given to Dom Garcia de Cabreira, who is himself a prisoner now, charged with a like offence," replied Coelho.

This news seemed to affect the constable's brother considerably, and after some remarks, indicating his disbelief of the truth of Elvira's guilt, and sorrow at her suffering—for, unlike Cabreira, he cherished a sincere affection for the damsel—he said:

"Notwithstanding this loss of her wealth, if his Highness would consent to restore her to liberty, and second my suit, so as to prevail upon her to give ear to my addresses, I swear he would find in me henceforth as true and faithful a vassal as he has ever found in my brother."

"*Eis um Castelhano! morra o schismatico! morra o câo maldito!*—here's a Castilian! death to the schismatic! death to the accursed dog!" vociferated a crowd, composed partly of men in the armor worn by the ordinary foot soldiers, partly of peasants armed with pitchforks, hoes, sickles, etc., as they rushed towards the two knights.

Coelho placed himself in front of his charge, commanding the throng to stand off in the name of the king, and as the infuriated mob heeded not his words, he resorted to entreaty, but all in vain. Coelho was seized and held fast by some of them, while the others rushed upon Diego Alvares, despatching him in the twinkling of an eye, amid the most savage expressions of exultation; and, leaving Coelho unhurt to watch over the mangled remains of the constable's brother if he chose, they hurried away in search of other victims, rejoicing in their bloody work.

A few minutes later the king returned, having ascertained that the alarm which had been given concerning the constable's safety was false. He evinced much sorrow at what had occurred during his absence, and was not a little displeased with Coelho, till he became convinced that the latter had done all he could to save the unfortunate knight; then, after giving directions that Diego's body might be honorably interred, out of regard for the feelings of the brother, Dom Joâo seated himself on a heap of stones hard by, until his charger should be brought to him, for he intended to ride over the field, in order to ascertain personally the various results of the battle in different quarters. Dom Pedro de Castro, Vasco Pires de Camões, and several other Portuguese prisoners who had fought in the ranks of the enemy, were collected at a little distance behind, under a strong guard, in order to prevent their butchery, and the king was engaged in conversation with the *esbulhado*, when Antâo Vasques was seen advancing, like King David of Scripture fame, leaping and dancing cheerily at the head of a company of knights and squires, holding up his arm, around which was wound the royal standard of Castile.

"Receive it, sire; receive the banner of your greatest enemy," said Vasques, casting the trophy into the king's lap.

"And wert thou, my gallant Antâo Vasques," said the king, with warmth of feeling, "wert thou the author of the greatest exploit of the day——"

"Save that, whereby your precious life was preserved to us, my liege," said the *esbulhado*, breaking in upon the king's speech.

The prince merely smiled upon the strange knight, who was the only one present with his visor lowered, and continued, addressing Vasques:

"Did you strike down this banner, which, by my troth, hath done us better service this day, than to our brother of Castile?"

"Nay, my gracious lord," replied Vasques; "it is a glory I cannot claim; though I had willingly given my right arm in exchange for it. The meed belongs to another, or rather to one that was."

"To whose prowess, then, are we indebted for this service?" asked Dom Joâo.

"I know him not by name, albeit I might point him out; but I fear me the breath has left his body; it was no fidalgo either, my lord," replied Vasques.

"But how came you by this banner?"

"I'll tell you, sir: In the thickest of the battle, I got separated from the bulk of my comrades; and with scarce a score of them, I had worked my way through, to within a few paces of the standard, when it fell. Casting my eyes that way, I saw one of ours, a *peâo* (i. e., one of the infantry,) a tall, powerful fellow, with the staff tightly held betwixt his left arm and his breast, and a corner of the flag between his teeth, quite alone and unsupported, keeping his antagonists at bay by dealing tremendous blows with his ax, on all sides, whilst the Castilians made desperate efforts to regain the prize. We rushed forward to his rescue; but before we could give him any aid, he was cut down, and the banner had most assuredly been retaken, but for the promptness of Lourenço Martins do Avelar and a few others of my companions, here present, who, pressing forward, recovered the banner just as it was being snatched from the grasp of the brave man, who, though prostrate, still clung to it. Which of these worthy knights first laid hold of it, I am unable to say; but to put an end to their dispute, they desired me to present it to your Highness."

A sharp discussion ensued between Lourenço Martins do Avelar and a few of those who accompanied Antâo Vasques, each of them eagerly claiming for himself the largest share in the recovery of the prize.

"*Por Deus, senhores!* let us eschew all disputes at a moment which should be given to rejoicing; we will discuss this matter anon," cried the king, interrupting them; "meanwhile let us see to the brave man who first ventured, and alone, upon so bold an enterprise. He may still be living, and it were shabby, nay villainous, to let him die for want of timely assistance. You say you would know him, Antâo Vasques?"

"Ay, my lord; as he fell, his helmet got loose and slipped off."

"Then hasten to the spot and see if ye can find him—bring him hither, even if all that remains is but a corpse; one who has come by his death in a manner so honored and so signalized must become known to our sons and repose in a grave worthy of the deed, whatever his condition may have been in life."

Vasques and his companions proceeded to do the bidding of their prince, and in about a quarter of an hour, just as the horse was being brought for the king to mount, they returned, bearing the apparently lifeless form of a man.

"Is he dead?" asked the king, as they laid the body down upon the sward.

"There seems a remnant of life still breathing in him," replied Vasques; "but his condition argues no long lease——"

"Vasco Peres!" exclaimed the *esbulhado*, as he knelt down to examine the features of the wounded soldier.

"O Heaven! our preserver; he to whom we owe our life!" cried the king, stepping up and gazing upon the pallid face of our hero, who seemed to be already the prey of grim death.

"Alas, sire," said the *esbulhado*, shaking his head, despondingly; "I fear me the young man will not live to claim a guerdon for the inestimable services he has rendered to your royal person, as well as to his country. See, the terrible wound that bleeds in his side!"

"Call our leech, instantly; let nought detain him—no care must delay him, under our severest displeasure," cried the king to a page, who hurried away at his bidding; then, turning to the bystanders, the monarch added: "Bear witness, you gentlemen who hear me, should it be God's will this young man recover, we shall do for him—— Well, we'll not say what we intend for him; but albeit gentle blood run not in his veins, his worth, vouched by his deeds, is such that we would but ill observe the duty of our station were we to suffer his mean birth to continue a bar to that which our service calls for, and our gratitude urges upon us. His unaided arm rescued your sovereign from death; to his individual courage and vigor we are all beholden for so sudden a victory; the most sanguine spirit among us dared not look for triumph in so short a space of time. And yet this very man, who lies here on the point of giving up the ghost in our cause, was, but a day or two since, represented to us in the light of a traitor! But of this anon; for here comes the leech."

The disciple of Hippocrates proceeded to examine the state of the patient, and ascertain the injury done through the wound; and while he was thus occupied the greatest anxiety was depicted on the countenances of the bystanders. Far from experiencing any feelings of envy on account of the intentions pretty clearly expressed by the king, and which promised honorable advancement to the plebeian in case he lived, the fidalgos, who clustered round to look upon him, gave undoubted evidence of solicitude with regard to the fate of the young hero, whom none remembered having seen before, but whose noble features, now rendered doubly interesting by the pale hand of death—for such it seemed to the unskilled—failed not to awaken in the minds of the gazers sentiments of regret, while they evinced their sympathy by frequently urging the leech to express an opinion regarding the hopes he entertained for his patient.

"Sire," said the leech, at length, "the young man is merely under the effects of a swoon, brought on by loss of blood; the wound is a severe one, but with proper care and treatment, I dare answer for his life; as no vital part is injured."

Joy glistened in the eyes of all on hearing the announcement made by the royal leech—whose assurance was as implicitly believed, as the oracles of yore when consulted by the credulous heathens—for Vasco Peres seemed already to have made friends among many upon whom his eye had probably never lit.

"Friend," said the king, letting his hand fall on the shoulder of the *esbulhado;* "friend, I place this wounded man under your charge. As soon as our leech shall have done what his art counsels in this matter, see to his careful removal to Alcobaça. Tell my lord the abbot that it is our express wish that he suffer Vasco Peres to be placed in some one of the apartments in the convent, reserved for our especial use. God be your speed, fair sir; I must now to other business."

So saying, Dom João vaulted into the saddle and rode off, escorted by several fidalgos.

At that period, it was the custom for the conquerors to remain encamped on the field of battle during the three days following victory. Dom João I. and his army did not omit performing this duty with scrupulous exactitude, though no agreeable task at that hot season of the year in a plain strewed with dead bodies, when corruption would inevitably begin to infect the atmosphere before the end of the first day. The encampment continued from the evening of the 14th to the morning of the 18th of August.

Meanwhile, a little after sunset, Vasco, who was now conscious, and whose pains were somewhat allayed through the care bestowed upon the wound by the king's physician, was placed upon a litter borne by four men, with two other couples to relieve them when required, and conveyed to Alcobaça under the care of the *esbulhado*, who rode beside the litter. Very few words passed between Vasco and the knight, as strict silence had been enjoined by the leech; and ere long the young man fell asleep. The night was beautiful, and the air soft and balmy, so that the journey proved less hurtful to the wounded man than if it had been undertaken during the heat of the day, or at that chilly hour which, even in the hottest season, precedes the dawn of morning. A little more than two hours brought the party to Alcobaça; but before obtaining admission into the monastery, it was necessary to procure a permit from the abbot. While the knight went to deliver the king's message, and request that Vasco might be accommodated, the latter had to wait in the porter's lodge. The *esbulhado*, however, soon returned, accompanied by a monk; and ere twenty minutes had elapsed from their arrival at the convent gate, Vasco lay upon a couch in one of the apartments pertaining to the royal suite.

The *esbulhado* disappeared before they reached the room, and the monk, who belonged to the medical department of the monastery, took upon himself the care of seeing that every attention should be given to the patient.

While on their way from the porter's lodge, Vasco requested that his sister, who, as we know, was also residing in the convent, might be sent for, which was done forthwith. But in being removed from the litter to the bed, the young cooper, exhausted by the journey, fainted; and when Violante, alarmed and distressed at the intelligence she had just received of her brother's state, entered the apartment with Elvira, whose anxiety was quite as apparent, they found him insensible

CHAPTER XVII.

"After clouds comes clear weather."

This chapter opens on the 18th of August, the fourth day after the battle. Our hero, now a true hero in the eyes of his countrymen, lay stretched upon the couch on which he had been placed three days before. On a further examination of the wound, it was found to be even less serious than at first supposed; and though the patient had been attacked by fever, on the day following his admittance into the monastery, and had been delirious for a few hours, these dangerous symptoms, disappearing the next day, were followed by others of a favorable nature, promising a speedy recovery. Vasco lost nothing by being debarred from the attendance of the king's physician, whose duties of course retained him at the camp; for the medical establishment of the opulent monks of Alcobaça was provided with everything required for the practice of the healing art at that remote period, whilst the monkish votaries of Æsculapius were quite as learned and skilful, as those that attended upon the person of the sovereign.

But, perhaps, the chief cause of Vasco's promising state was the presence of, and the untiring care and attention bestowed upon him by the two beings he loved the most—Dona Elvira and his sister. At length, an opportunity was afforded Elvira to make some return for the services she had received from the young cooper, and she applied herself to the task with extraordinary zeal; thus through the joint nursing of an affectionate sister and one who no longer strived to conceal from herself the attachment she felt for the wounded man, the latter began to regain some strength and even converse, while his nurses took care that this license should not be abused to his injury.

Some time during the slight delirium which had supervened, and while Vasco's eyes were closed in a feverish, unsettled slumber, detached words uttered by him fell upon the ears of the two young girls, who were seated not far from the couch. At first they were incoherent, conveying no precise information with regard to the current of his ideas; but, after sundry exclamations, implying that the raver's mind was occupied with the battle of the preceding day, other words followed mingled with Elvira's name, which sent a thrill through all the channels of her body. Violante, a sharer in her brother's secret, and fearful lest he might unconsciously disclose it, attempted to engage Elvira's attention by conversation; but was forced to desist, when the lady, making an imperative sign, enjoined silence. Elvira soon heard enough to leave no doubt upon her mind that Vasco loved her. But as the disclosure was made in an incomplete way, and there was no tracing the firm and laudable resolve of the young cooper through the fragmentary and disconnected sentences that escaped from him, Violante, while conscious that her mistress was not indifferent to her brother, yet thinking she might take it ill of his presuming to cherish hopes of such a nature, fell upon her knees and confessed the truth respecting her brother's love, but, at the same time, informing her of the determination he had taken of smothering it, and the motives which had moved him to adopt this course. During this recital the blood mantled in Elvira's cheeks, and her confusion became extreme; but, when she heard that her present unprotected condition had superinduced a determination on the part of the young cooper to shun every occasion of intruding himself upon her, she could no longer overcome her emotion. There and then she made an avowal of that which Violante already more than suspected.

"Alas!" said Elvira, in conclusion, "I am poor now; but were I mistress of the wealth I once possessed, since Vasco, under the impulse of noble sentiments, waives the privilege of his sex, I would for once outstep the constraints to which ours is subject, and put my hand and fortune at his disposal—but, as it is, I would only be a burden to him now."

In giving expression to these feelings and overlooking the common prejudices of birth, Elvira was by no means influenced by anticipating that Vasco Peres might be raised to a higher station, nor was she in the least degree aware that the king had thrown out any hints pointing in that direction. As to Vasco's behavior in the battle of Aljubarrota, all had been reported to her; she knew that he had been charged by the king to seize Cabreira, that he had saved the monarch's life, that he had taken the enemy's flag, and thence been the main cause of shortening the duration of the battle, if not of ensuring victory. All this had been stated to Elvira by frei Lopo, shortly after the wounded cooper arrived at Alcobaça; but, whatever might have been the reason—whether ignorance of the king's undefined declaration, or a fixed purpose of withholding the intelligence from the lady of Runa—certain it is that the monk had not said a word from which Elvira might have inferred that Dom João proposed rewarding the cooper in any signal manner. But the knowledge of Vasco's exploits, which filled her with admiration for him, had greatly developed the tender passion which was already budding in her heart.

On the other hand, Vasco could not but notice, and allow his thoughts to dwell upon, the tender care and solicitude evinced by Elvira in watching over him and ministering to the necessities of his case. The first object his eye had met on awaking from his swoon, was the fair countenance of the noble damsel; what more grateful sight could have greeted his return to consciousness? When he strove to pour out his thanks, her soft, tapered fingers closed his mouth, while the gentle tones of her voice, yielding music to his ear and dispensing joy to his impassioned heart, bade him observe silence, as enjoined by the leech; but his expression told more than perhaps his lips had dared pronounce. Ere the day had come round on which this chapter opens, the eyes of the lovers, for such they may now be termed, had mutually revealed that which the one still presumed not to utter, and which the other, by reason of her sex, was restrained from avowing, but a tacit understanding seemed to have arisen between them.

Frei Lopo had never failed to visit the sickroom both morning and evening; and if Vasco chanced to be sleeping on such occasions, the latter became the only topic of conversation, during which Violante had remarked that the monk was wont to observe Elvira with unusual attention; yet, withal, his glance argued benevolence and partiality towards the young lady. As soon as frei Lopo left the room, he in his turn became the subject of discourse; for the curiosity he had excited, especially in the two females, was unabated.

It was an hour or two before noon; none were in the room with Vasco Peres except his sister and Elvira, both now seated near the window.

"It is strange frei Lopo has not yet made his appearance; he is wont to come much earlier," remarked Violante.

"It surprises me, too," said Elvira, who, glancing at Vasco with a playful smile, added: "but I marvelled still more, on the day of the battle, how it was that, from the moment he conducted Violante and myself to this part of the convent, till some time after you were brought here on a litter, frei Lopo never once came to see us. The construction I put upon this, is that he takes more interest in what concerns you, Vasco, than in what regards me—your return induced him to begin his visits, which have been regular ever since, except today."

Elvira paused, as if expecting some observation on the part of the young cooper; but seeing that he remained silent, she continued in a thoughtful tone:

"In truth, there are many inconsistencies in the ways of this monk—one thing is certain, though; he is always kind towards me. Really, I begin to feel a decided partiality for the venerable man, and should miss his company were his visits to cease."

"His conversation is highly entertaining and instructive, and arguing more knowledge of the world than commonly falls to the lot of most other men," said Vasco. "With regard to his prolonged absence, I make no doubt but it arises from the reception given to his highness this morning; the whole community would deem it their duty to be present on such an occasion. Hast thou heard, sister, how long the king remains?"

"I was told just now," replied Violante, "that he would not leave till the day following the festival of the convent's patron, St. Bernard, which is day after to-morrow, as thou knowest. But hark! I hear footsteps without, and the sound of spurs jingling on the bricks, announces other visitors than monks."

In a few seconds the door opened, and the king, only partly clad in armor, entered the room, followed by another individual.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AUNT MIRIAM'S ADVENTURE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Evening had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the hollow; gray November nightfall and the wild Niagara of crimson sunset fire had poured its flaming tides long since into the great unseen chalice of splendor that lies hidden somewhere beyond the western horizon line—the monumental urn where rest entombed alike, the days crowned with roses, and those baptized in tears! There was no sound without, save the branches of the huge sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-enameled roof, and the plaining wind among the brown and scarlet drifts of leaves that carpeted every dingle of the woods Within, the red bricks of the hearth had been swept until they shone as if carved in coral, and the many tongues of flame danced and crackled among the gigantic logs like a band of elfin sprites. The cricket that harbored somewhere in the chimney corner had commenced his vespers, and Aunt Miriam Fenner's brisk knitting-needles shone and glanced in the fire-light, as she sat there in an old fashioned cap-border and spectacles, looking *almost* as pretty—so Uncle Peter thought—as she used to look in the days when he came sparking, and was wont to contemplate the evolutions of her gleaming needles while he considered what it was best to say next!

Nobody would have suspected Uncle Peter of any such romantic meditation, as he sat there sorting out seed-corn and packages of blue beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation! So little do we know what is passing in one another's minds!

There was a third person, sitting in the red hearth glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's gray kitten with the good old lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the woolly sphere the higher it was held!

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, James—do stop teasing that kitten!" said the old lady, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."

There was a silence again. James Arnett wound and unwound the yarn very unnecessarily; Uncle Peter eyed his seed-peas thoughtfully, and Mrs. Fenner knit energetically on, with pursed-up lips and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Aunt Miriam, I wish you could see Milicent," said the young man, at length.

"I can't say I've any desire to see your city young ladies, James," said Aunt Miriam, coldly; "they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and piano playin' may be very grand—I dare say it is! but it don't suit *my* taste!"

"But, aunty, I'm sure you would like her. Come now, do be reasonable, and go over to Squire Brownell's with me to-night; she is spending a week at her grandfather's, and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Thank you, I aint curious on the subject," responded Aunt Miriam, primly. "Only I heered that Mis' Brownell had a bad stroke of the rheumatiz, and I don't see how she gets along to wait on her new-fangled granddarter!"

"I can't understand why you are so prejudiced against poor Milicent, Aunt Miriam," said the young man, uneasily. "I won't disguise from you that it makes me very unhappy to think of marrying without the approval of one who has been a mother to me, and yet——"

"And yet you're determined to go your own gate, that's the plain English of it, James," said Aunt Miriam. "Well, I s'pose you can do without my consent; you'll never git it, anyhow!"

And she poked the fire vigorously, as the old clock began to strike.

"Seven o'clock!" ejaculated James, starting up, "and I promised to be at the post-office by this time. There's to be a meeting about the minister's Thanksgiving donation party, you know, Uncle Peter! Bless me, I didn't imagine how late it was."

And with a gay parting nod to his aunt, he disappeared.

"There he goes—as good a boy as ever lived," said Uncle Peter; "but I guess afore the evenin' comes to an end, he'll contrive to get round to Squire Brownell's. Miriam, you may as well say yes to that affair at once; he's determined to marry the gal, rings and city fashions and all."

"I wish we'd never sent him to college in New York," sighed Mrs. Fenner, "then he would not have come across this city sweetheart."

"Then he'd ha' come across somebody else, so it's as broad as it is long," remarked Uncle Peter, philosophically.

"Yes, but it might have been a smart stirring gal who knew how to keep house, not a useless toy good for nothin' but to hang gay clothes on. I tell you, Peter, I can't approve of it no how."

Uncle Peter whistled "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," and returned once more to the contemplation of his melon-seeds and corn kernels.

Nine o'clock, the fire covered with a mound of brown ashes; the cricket chirping drowsily, and Uncle Peter snoring melodiously from an inner room, still Mrs. Fenner sat there mechanically plying her knitting-needles, yet all unconscious that the kitten was frisking about, and hopelessly entangling her precious ball of homespun yarn—deaf and dumb and blind to everything but her own thoughts.

"I wonder," she began, and then stopped. "After all," she mentally resumed the next minute, "there can't be any harm in it, if I just slip on my hood and shawl and go through the orchard path, across to Squire Brownell's. Not that I'd go in—not a bit of it; but I'd merely take a peep in at the keepin'-room window as I went past. I *would* like to see what sort of a face it is that has bewitched James so completely; but *he* must never be any the wiser for it!"

She pondered a second or two longer, then rose hurriedly, extinguished the little candle that stood in a shining brass candlestick on the mantel, listened a moment to the unbroken monotony of uncle Peter's snores, and muffling a shawl round her head, withdrew the bolt of the kitchen door, and crept out into the starless gloom of the November night!

It was but a short distance, under the leafless branches of the gnarled old apple-trees and into the turnpike road. Aunt Miriam felt a little conscience-stricken as she lifted the wicket of Squire Brownell's gate, and stole noiselessly up the chrysanthemum bordered walk; she couldn't help wondering what Elder Oliver would say if he were to become aware that she, the sagest old lady in the congregation, were prowling about here like a thief in the night!

"It's all for James's sake," said the venerable dame, under her breath, as she pushed aside the great sweetbriar that hung over the panes, and peeped slyly into the window.

Mrs. Brownell sat in a big arm-chair by the fire, her feet swathed in flannel; the squire was smoking his pipe over a three-days'-old newspaper; and before a pine-table, at the other end of the room, stood a rosy-cheeked girl, of perhaps seventeen, the sleeves of her crimson merino dress rolled up above a pair of exquisitely dimpled elbows, and her hands buried in a wooden tray of flour—engaged, in fact, in the operation which housekeepers call "setting a sponge." So much at home did she seem in the culinary art, that aunt Miriam said to herself, very decidedly, "*This* can't be the city visitor; I wonder where she is!" when her doubts were dispelled by Mrs. Brownell's voice:

"Milicent, I wish you'd write out the receipt for that cake you made for tea—I don't see where you learned to be so handy about the house!"

"Why grandmamma!" said the young lady gayly, "you seem to forget that my mother was educated under your eye. She does not believe that French and music are everything a girl needs to learn. Now do put those stockings down—I'll see that they are duly mended, by and bye."

Aunt Miriam turned away from the window more bewildered than ever, but with a very satisfied feeling stirring under the heap of prejudices that had filled her kind old heart. If this were the much-talked-of Milicent, things might not be so very bad after all. And Milly worked away at her sponge, the merry smiles dimpling over her face, like sunshine on a bed of roses, utterly unconcious of the audience of "*one*," who was now contemplating a retreat.

But the adventures of the night were not yet at a close. As Aunt Miriam groped her way toward the path, lamenting the pitchy darkness of the night, and the crackling of the crisp leaves as her not very elastic foot shuffled through them, every pulse in her frame came to a sudden pause of terror, as a pair of masculine arms were thrown round her, and a moustache came in contact with her cheek! Such a kiss—Aunt Miriam couldn't remember it's like, since the days when Peter Fenner courted the beauty of the village. In vain she struggled breathlessly to escape—whoever the individual might be, he didn't do things by halves, and evidently had no dispostion to relinquish his prize.

"My darling little Milly! how did you know I was coming to-night?"

Then came another kiss, before Aunt Miriam could exclaim, in stifled accents.

"James Arnett, are you crazy, do let go of me, and behave like a sensible creature!"

The arms unclasped with electric speed.

"Aunt Miriam! how on earth——"

"Hush! don't speak above your breath! There now—if you're going to laugh like that, you'll raise the town!"

"I—I can't help it Aunt Miriam," gasped James, clinging to the gate-post, and vainly trying to check the gusts of laughter that *would* come. "What will Uncle Peter say? who would have expected to find Mrs. Fenner, Vice President of the Dorcas Society——"

"James, hold your tongue, if you don't want me to box your ears. And if you breathe a word of this to any living soul——"

"Well, I won't, aunty—I won't, upon my word—only the whole affair is so supremely ridiculous."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Miriam, slipping through the gate. "There, you needn't turn back with me, you silly boy. Go in and see Milly—I know that's what you would prefer. And Jamie——"

"Well, Aunt Miriam."

"I've changed my mind about that little Milly of yours. I don't believe you can find a prettier wife, or a better, so settle matters as soon as you please, and we'll see whether your old aunt Miriam has forgotten how to make wedding cake."

"But are you in earnest, aunt?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"What has altered your convictions? surely I may ask that one question?"

"That isn't at all to the purpose, young man. But remember, not a word of this ridiculous adventure!"

"You know how to administer bribes, Aunt Miriam," said the youth gayly, as he enfolded the old lady in his arms, and gave her yet a third kiss.

Through the starless darkness she hurried—under the wind-tossed apple trees, and beneath the friendly shadow of her own porch, where uncle Peter's snores yet resounded like muffled trumpets.

"What makes you so late, wife?" demanded a drowsy voice from the inner apartment, as she glided around, replacing shawls and wrappers. "I've been as fast asleep as a dormouse, I do believe—but I did think I heered the click of the bolt."

"It must have been the kitten among the tin-pans," quoth Aunt Miriam—the nearest approach to a fib she ever indulged in, before, or after.

And in subsequent life, when the firm conviction seized her, that James Arnett had imparted her secret—in strict confidence, of course—to his pretty wife, she consoled herself by saying, mentally:

"Well I don't care if he has—for my part, I shall always be glad of that peep into Squire Brownell's window."

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

> With thee every passion and ill,
> Each tempest of feeling is o'er;
> Hearts falsehood hath broken are still—
> The pulse beats with anguish no more.
> What is honor, what fortune, or fame's fleeting breath,
> Compared with thy slumbers, O beautiful Death?
> AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

On their arrival in Lombard street, our hero entered the chamber of Sir Jasper Mansell alone, to prepare him for the interview with Mr. Imray and Harry. Although his absence had lasted but a few hours, he was struck with the change that had already taken place in the countenance of the dying man, whose eyes wore that peculiar glassy expression which heralds the approach of death. The jaw, too, had slightly fallen, and the fingers of the outstretched hand kept nervously twitching at the coverlet.

"Have you seen him?" murmured the baronet.

"I have seen both my cousin and his grandfather," replied Harold, seriously.

"And bring me their curses, no doubt—no doubt! Well, well, I deserve them!"

"There are here, and——"

"Do not let them enter!" exclaimed his uncle, interrupting him. "Let me not see their faces, lest they should haunt me in the sleep of death—for we dream in the grave, Harold. I feel as certain of it as that we dream in our beds. It is our punishment," he continued; "it must be. Eternal justice can invent none greater. Annihilation would be mercy compared with it. Hide me from them! Screen me from them! Let them not see me till I am dead!"

"They bring you peace," said the youthful monitor, deeply moved by his terror and agitation, "words of forgiveness; such pardon as man may extend to his fellow worm."

"The higher pardon must come from God," he added, solemnly.

"What, Zac, the cynic! the soul of bitterness! whose tongue is oiled with spleen! who loathes his fellow-creatures, forgive! Impossible! It is not in his nature."

"You forgot that Mr. Imray is a Christian, uncle," observed the nephew.

"*Does he know all?*"

"Everything. Nothing has been kept from him."

"This is marvellous!" muttered the dying man, after some moments' reflection. "Humanity is better than I gave it credit for—much better. He to forgive!"

"Humanity is what we make it, uncle," answered Harold. "The finest vase and coarsest vessel are modelled from the same clay. I will not conceal from you that, on learning how deeply you had injured him, the feeling of resentment was strong within him; but you had an intercessor—a powerful one."

"Yourself," said Sir Jasper

"An intercessor," continued the youth, "who possessed far greater claims on his forbearance and affection than I could pretend to exercise—your nephew Harry!"

"He, too."

"You know not how affectionate and forgiving a heart you have cast from you."

"And no means to repair the wrong," exclaimed the banker, "for he will be rich—richer than I can make him, were I too cast my fortune at his feet."

"He cares not for gold; is ignorant of its value in the world," replied our hero; "a few words of regret for the past will win him more than all your wealth could do."

"I believe it—I believe it," murmured Sir Jasper Mansell; "such was my brother Edward's heart."

"You will see them, uncle?"

"Yes! one moment—one instant to human weakness! Yes, I will see them—humble my pride in the dust before them—implore their forgiveness—and may Heaven accept the sacrifice!"

"It will—it will," repeated Harold, joyfully. "You have the promise, eternal like the word of Him who made it. Neither can fail."

The deeply guilty man closed his eyes, and prayed in great mental agony during the brief absence of his nephew from the room. When he unclosed them again, Mr. Imray and his grandson were both standing by his bedside. He tried to speak, but the violence of his emotions choked his utterance, and he could only murmur the word "Forgiveness," in a tone of such heartfelt contrition, that the lingering expression of sternness on the features of his relative disappeared, and his countenance became calm and solemn.

"We were friends, Jasper, at an age when confidence in our fellow-man is part of our nature. You abused mine."

"I did."

"You wrung my heart, where the heart is most sensitive in its affections! blighted my existence! made me the destroyer of the woman I loved! caused me to abandon her son to poverty, disgrace, and an untimely death!"

The dying man writhed like a wounded snake, as he listened to the terrible enumeration of his crimes.

"Grandfather! is this your promise!" whispered Harry, whose pity was touched at the sad spectacle of his uncle's sufferings and shame.

"I have not forgotten it," said the old man, gazing on him affectionately.

"Jasper," he continued, "if I enumerate the cruel injuries you have inflicted on me, it is that you may understand that with full cognizance of their extent, I forgive them—forgive them," he added, sinking upon his knees by the side of the bed, "as I trust to be forgiven by the angel I drove in madness from my home—the son I disowned and cast forth to poverty and shame. Die in peace. May your sins against them and me be alike forgiven!"

"I am but a boy, uncle," said Harry; "but perhaps you would like to hear me say that I forgive you. At first, my heart was hard, very hard against you; pride and resentment filled it. I doubted whether my grandfather would acknowledge me and love me. Harold disabused me of my error. If there is anything good in me, I owe it all to his example, and his dear father's instructions. May God pardon you," he added, "as freely as I do!"

"Peace! peace!" murmured the guilty man, "seems dawning on my soul at last. My sin against you, Zac, and this poor youth, weighed heavier on my mind than the death of Clement."

At this indirect avowal of his crime, Mr. Imray stood aghast; not that it was altogether unexpected. The visit of our hero had in some measure prepared him for it.

"We had better leave you, Jasper," he observed, "to commune with Him to whose sight every thought is laid bare—who judges alike our actions and their motives. May the result be peace! Farewell! In this world we shall never meet again!"

"Stay," faltered the baronet; "one word. I have done something, in a worldly sense, to atone for my neglect to my brother Edward, by providing for his son."

"You have acted rightly, Jasper."

"Will you see that my intentions are carried out—act as his guardian and my executor?"

"I will."

"Thanks—thanks! I had yet another wish—but,—no; I dare not express it. It would be too much to expect from human forbearance."

"Speak it."

"Let me once more touch your hand."

It required great self command on the part of Zac to touch the hand of the man who had dashed the cup of earthly happiness from his lip, without betraying some sign of repugnance; but he achieved it—a greater triumph over his natural feelings than even the moral one he had obtained in forgiving him.

No sooner had Harry and his grandfather quitted the room than the lawyers and surgeons were called in, and in their presence the last will and testament of Sir Jasper Mansell, of Lombard street and Portman square, baronet and banker, was duly executed.

With his usual foresight in all business matters, the dying man had requested the presence of his medical attendants at the moment of signing it, in order that they might testify to his sanity in the event of the will being disputed.

Although Mr. Zachariah Imray was named sole executor, the testator did not insult him by bequeathing him the most trifling acknowledgment in the shape of legacy. A pecuniary one, considering his vast wealth, would have been simply ridiculous—a memorial of any other kind, a mockery.

With instinctive delicacy, Harold had abstained from entering the chamber of his uncle during the interview we have described, and taken advantage of it to visit the room where Mark Chambers had kept his vigil of vengeance for so many years. On crossing the threshold, a feeling of awe crept over him, and he involuntarily removed his hat in the presence of the majesty of Death.

In the consternation caused by the fate of the great man, the head of the firm, and the mystery that enveloped it, no one had thought of securing the poor cripple, the only witness of the deed; or if they had thought of it, ventured to act, which amounted exactly to the same thing as far as the personal liberty of Jem was concerned. The honest fellow had removed the body of Mark to the bed, covered it decently, and half-drawn the curtains round it. That done, he seated himself near the window, and sought to pass away the time by whistling to one of the birds he had brought with him—a linnet so tame that it would perch upon his hand, and follow the air note for note.

Our hero advanced to the foot of the bed, and stood for several minutes contemplating the features of the dead. The fretful, anxious expression which characterized them in life had disappeared, giving place to that marble-like repose, that exquisite calmness which exercise so singular a fascination over the spectator the first few hours after death. It had stamped them with a dignity Harold had never noticed in them before. It might have been the effect of an overwrought imagination, but he fancied that he saw a smile of deep contentment lingering round the lips, a lofty triumph upon his brow as if the poor old man had experienced in death no other feeling than satisfaction at having accomplished the purpose of his life of solitude and privation.

"He do make a wholesome-looking corpse, sir," observed Jem, glad of the opportunity of having some one to speak to; "I didn't think as how he would," he added, "seeing how strangely he died."

The sound of a human voice fell jarringly upon the ears of our hero, who mechanically repeated the word "strangely."

"Ah! strangely, sir," continued the cripple; "it worn't natteral like—leastways I never seed such a death before."

"Can you describe to me exactly how it took place?" demanded the youth, making an effort te rouse himself.

"I should think I can," answered Jem; "I aint likely to forget it for a long time, if I ever does. I don't think, sir," he added, fixing his eyes upon the visitor, "that Mark Chambers wor exactly like other men."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not."

"He'd allays strange ways with him—leastways, since I knowed him, and that wor above thirty year or more; never left the house by night nor by day, but lived alone, buried in himself, as it wor—not even a bird to keep him company. Now, I don't think it be good for man to be allays alone."

"We are told that it is not," observed Harold Mansell, mildly.

"Are we, though? well, I never heered it afore. I wonder how I came to think on it? Poor Mark hadn't a bad heart; every Sunday he used to give me a dinner, beside the shillin' a week he paid me for goin' a-errands for him—buyin' him bread, meat, and such things. I shall miss him, if no one else does."

"You were in his confidence, then?"

"Well, I suppose I wor," said the cripple, speaking very deliberately. "And yet he never told me anything *peticular*. All as I ever heerd him say wor, that he lived for justice, watched for it, and prayed for it; and somethin' about a duty to perform to the dead, whatever that might mean——"

"Yes! yes!" interrupted his hearer; "I understand all that. The motives of his singular conduct are perfectly well known to me."

"Are they, though?" exclaimed Jem, with a look of wonder. "Well, that comes of larnin', I suppose, not but I can read printin'—writin' is a little too hard for me; but I won't trouble you about that. Well, sir, this is how it happened—Mark felt as he wor a dyin', and I had promised whenever his time come to stop with him, so I brought my birds with me; couldn't leave them, you know—they'd a pined and fretted for me like any Christians; and he gave me a key to let myself in and out without the porter knowin' on it. Day after day the old man used to sit in his great chair by the winder, and night just the same, a-watchin' for some one. I thought as he wor out of his mind, but the some one came at last."

Harold thought of his uncle and shuddered.

"I shall never forget it," continued the speaker; "Mark wor too ill to leave his bed, so I took his place and watched for him. I shall never foget his eyes when I told him there wor some one in the yard, they showed fire like a cat's in the dark—I hope it beant wrong to compare a Christian's eyes to a cat's," he added, parenthetically. "I could not tell who it wor, but Mark seemed to know, and left his bed for the chair just as the gentleman—for it seems it wor a gentleman, and not a thief—lifted the desk out of the hole at the foot of the tree. Then he took a pistol—I didn't know as he had a pistol—from behind the curtain, fired at him, and fell back dead."

"Strange history!" murmured our hero.

"Worn't it, sir? But Mark worn't like other men; he used to go through this rumblin' old house, hearin' everything, without bein' seen."

"Indeed!"

"Bless you, sir, most of the walls is holler."

This information explained much that had puzzled Harold Mansell as to the means by which Mark had visited him in his chamber, and obtained a knowledge of Sir Jasper's conversation with him when he first came to the bank.

"And did he leave you no instructions?" he demanded.

The cripple regarded him doubtfully.

"I mean respecting the desk, which he evidently knew to be buried in the yard, in the event of his dying before——"

The speaker hesitated, not wishing to allude to his uncle by name.

"Before *some one* came to dig for it," said Jem, finishing the question for him. "Well, sir, I won't tell you a lie about it—he did."

"I thought so."

"I mustn't tell you what they wor; not that I think there would be any harm in it, as things 'as turned out; but I gave the old man my word. All I can say is, Mr. Imray would a know'd on it."

A gentle tap at the door of the room interrupted the convesation. Under ordinary circumstances Harold Mansell, in all probability, would have exclaimed "Come in," but a peculiar feeling was upon him, and, instead of speaking, he walked across the chamber and opened it.

It proved to be the city missionary, a man of singular piety and worth, who had called to inquire after Mark. He had been trained at no college, boasted of no university honors, had read few books on divinity, except the Bible, and knew as little of the controversies that divide the great Christian community into churches or sects as though cart-loads of trash had never been written upon the subject, or blood shed in the name of Him whose mission brought peace as well as salvation. His religion was of the heart; its formula, love; its fruit, good works.

"Our brother has passed away," he said, as his eyes rested on the body. "Let us hope that his sorrows have found rest. I have no further business here."

"Stay!" interrupted our hero, struck by the idea that the fervor and simple piety of the speaker might produce a beneficial effect upon the mind of his wretched relative; "go where we will there is work for us to do. The man you came to pray with has gone to his account; but there is one who soon must follow him, to whom your ministry may prove useful—my uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell."

"He is one of the great and rich ones of the earth," answered the humble minded missionary, modestly; "I am not learned enough to speak with him."

"Were he the possessor of a crown," said Harold, seriously, "and skilled in all human wisdom, he would not be above receiving consolation from the prayers of the lowliest Christian."

A slight blush suffused the pale cheek of their visitor, as he bent his head at the reproof.

"I will see him," he replied, "since you wish it. Lead me to him."

Our hero and the speaker quitted the room together, leaving the cripple to continue his watch by the dead.

When Lady Mansell and her daughters arrived at the banking-house, she expressed himself exceedingly astonished that the rector of the parish, or the chaplain of the Goldsmith's Company, of which her husband was a member, had not been sent for. The idea of a wealthy man like Sir Jasper, one of the first bankers in the city of London, and a baronet to boot, going out of the world without the assistance of a well-beneficed, dignified clergyman, was something positively disreputable! She insisted on the missionary being dismissed, and a proper person sent for, appealing at the same time to Mr. Imray to support her decision.

"I have neither the power nor the will to interfere," observed her relative, coolly; "neither would I advise you. The person who is with your husband appears to be a person of great piety and worth—a true and simple-minded Christian."

"Christian!" repeated her ladyship, impatiently, and muttered something about her having no patience—a piece of information which did not in the least astonish Uncle Zac—he had long been aware of the fact.

"Mamma," said Georgianna, "only think how dreadful it will read in the papers: 'Sir Jasper Mansell was attended in his last moments by Mr. Ebenezer Cushion-thumper—or whatever the man's name may be—the city missionary.' Just as if papa had died a pauper," she added, with a disdainful toss of the head.

"All are paupers in the sight of God!" ejaculated Mr. Imray.

The above conversation took place in the dining-room, almost within hearing of the dying man, at whose bedside the humble messenger of peace and his daughter Jane were devoutly praying.

"It appears," observed Lady Mansell, haughtily, "that my wishes are not to be respected."

"The last wishes of my uncle are to be respected," said Harold, for the first time breaking silence, "and it is his desire that the gentleman should remain with him to the last."

His aunt and cousin regarded him with what was intended for a look of withering contempt. But, armed with conscious rectitude, the speaker felt it not; it glanced from him as from a coat of mail, leaving its wearer unscathed.

"Thank Heaven, my son will soon be here," exclaimed the haughty woman. "Augustus will know how to act."

"He can do nothing," said Mr. Imray, "whilst Sir Jasper lives. He has placed everything in the hands of his nephew."

"Whilst he lives!" repeated his niece, emphatically.

"The rest depends upon his will," added her relative, mildly, although he felt disgusted at the want of temper and feeling they displayed at such a moment.

The news of the assassination of Sir Jasper Mansell spread like wildfire through the City, and, despite his reputed wealth, occasioned a decided run upon the bank. In the present, as at a former crisis, the assistance of the retired drysalter proved invaluable—his presence behind the counter did quite as much to quiet the panic as the vast sum he paid in. One firm, who, at an early hour, had withdrawn their account, amounting to eighty thousand pounds, sent one of their junior partners to pay it in again, just as the house was about to close.

"I knew it could not last," whispered John Ledger, rubbing his hands with intense satisfaction, "with such a friend to back us—we are firm, Mr. Imray, firm as a rock."

"I presume," observed Uncle Zac, in his usual quiet manner, "that I am at liberty to act as I think best in this matter?"

"Of course you are, sir; in the absence of Captain Mansell, who would venture to dispute your opinion or wish?"

"Very well," said the old man, "you will refuse taking the money."

John Ledger absolutely looked aghast. Refuse an account of eighty thousand pounds! In the whole history of banking, he had never heard of such a thing!

"Upon what pretence?" he faltered out at last.

"It is past the hour," replied Mr. Imray, coolly, "and we do not require their money."

From the instant the refusal became known in the city, the panic ceased, and the house of Mansell stood higher than ever.

Such is the omnipotence of wealth!

Evening was already drawing in when a chaise and four, the horses covered with foam, drove up to the banking-house in Lombard street, and Captain Mansell alighted. His first interview was with his mother and Georgianna, whose feelings would not allow them to witness the last struggles of Sir Jasper. They feared the trial to their sensitive natures. All that could be urged to mortify the pride and excite the hatred and jealousy of their weak-minded relative was poured into his credulous ears, till his countenance became livid and distorted with passion.

"It is time you came to defend your own rights, as well as those of your family," observed her ladyship, spitefully; "your poor father has been persuaded into making another will. I have ascertained that fact from one of the cashiers who witnessed it," she added.

"Another will!" repeated her son, bitterly.

"Papa is half mad," said his sister; "they have forced some low, dissenting preacher upon him, who has frightened him out of his wits with his fanatical ravings. It is all Harold's doing!"

"And my uncle countenances him," ejaculated his mother.

"I shall put an end at once to these proceedings," replied Augustus, pale with ill-suppressed rage; "we shall see whether the nephew or the son possess the right to command here."

"Very proper!" exclaimed Georgianna.

"Where is Jane?"

"Oh, they have quite drawn her into their party," answered his sister, spitefully. "You cannot be surprised, knowing how naturally weak her intellects are."

Captain Mansell rose from his chair, and advanced, with a determined air, towards the chamber. As his hand touched the lock, a better feeling—or, rather, a sense of propriety—came over him, and he so far mastered his passion as to banish all trace of it from his countenanve.

The place to which he exiled it was not far distant—it retreated only to his heart.

His hypocrisy mattered but little, for his father expired just as he entered the room, and without recognizing him.

Let us trust that the repentance of the guilty man, though tardy, was accepted.

Our hero felt that, in presence of the dead, all ill feeling between his cousin and himself ought to cease, and, rising from his knees, he advanced to offer him his hand.

It was haughtily and insultingly rejected.

"Augustus," sobbed his sister Jane, half stifled by her tears, "you know not what you do; Harold has been our poor father's truest friend—his monitor and stay."

"I have no need of either," replied her brother, coldly.

"You are ungrateful," exclaimed the excited girl; "believe me, you are ungrateful. You know not half the obligations that we owe him."

"When aware of their extent I shall be prepared to acknowledge them," observed the captain, sarcastically. "Meantime, I must request Mr. Harold Mansell to leave my house; whatever things he may have here, or amount of salary that is due to him, shall be forwarded."

"He must first place his seal upon the iron chest which contains your late father's private papers," said Mr. Imray, who entered the chamber in time to hear the last insulting speech of the speaker. "Previous to his death, Sir Jasper executed a deed placing them in his charge."

"Which could only be valid during my late father's life," replied Augustus, with a supercilious smile. "Mr. Harold Mansell cannot act upon it."

"How so?"

"He is not yet of age."

"Have you no respect, young man, for your dead father's wish?" demanded his relative.

"I must attend to my own interests and those of my family, sir."

"This is terrible, Augustus!" exclaimed our hero, greatly shocked at bearing part in a dispute in the chamber of death. "You have misjudged me—my conduct and motives."

"*Augustus!*" repeated the new baronet. "Sir Augustus, when you address the head of the family, to which you are a disgrace. As for your conduct and motives, they are equally known to me. I am surprised," he continued, addressing himself to the drysalter, "that you, sir, should encourage by your favor the insolence of this upstart."

"Silence, Harold," said Uncle Zac. "Let me answer for you. The rank you are so proud of is dishonored by having been borne by the murderer of Clement Chambers," he added, turning to the speaker. "Your cousin possesses the proofs, which, but for his tact and prudence, must have been made public. Intemperate as you are, you are right in one assertion. Harold cannot act; he is under age. I can."

"You, Mr. Imray!"

"As sole executor to your late father's will," continued the old man, drawing it from his pocket. "The lawyer who drew it up informs me that you have no right over the personal estate, but merely the entailed ones. I therefore order you to leave this house, unless you prefer making a public exposure, by compelling me to call in the assistance of the police to support my authority."

"Uncle—my dear uncle!" exclaimed the crestfallen baronet, "perhaps I have been, as you say, a little intemperate. Allow me to speak with you in private?"

"No."

"See my mother, then?"

"No."

"Your own niece?"

"No," repeated Zac, still more resolutely than before. "Whatever the conditions of your father's will and testament, I believe they were dictated by repentance, and deeply as he wronged me, I am determined to see them carried out. As a compromise," he added, "I have no objection to your placing your seal as well as mine upon the iron safe and strong room till the will has been read."

With this stipulation Sir Augustus Mansell, although his heart was, figuratively speaking, bursting with rage, was forced to express himself content.

CHAPTER LII.

> And then I love the field flowers, too,
> Because they are a blessing given
> E'en to the poorest little one
> That wanders 'neath the vault of heaven.
> The garden flowers are reared for few,
> And to that few belong alone;
> But flowers that spring by vale or stream,
> Each one may claim them for his own.
> ANN PRATT.

"Remember that we are riding for our lives," repeated Zitta, for the second time, as the threats and furious imprecations of their pursuers came borne upon the night wind to their terrified ears. "Wilton will show no mercy, should he overtake us. Better a grave in this desolate waste," she added, "than the fate we should meet with at his hands."

"Could he do more than kill us?" demanded Telbin, in a tone which denoted that he cared but little whether he lived or died. There was a certain amount of selfishness in this indifference he was far from being aware of.

"For you death possibly has few terrors," replied the excited girl; "neither do I greatly fear it. It is the outrage that might precede it that I dread. Use both whip and heel," she continued, setting him the example, for she fancied that she heard the hoarse voice of Peter and the deep note of his ferocious dog approaching nearer.

The dwarf needed not to be warned a second time, but used every exertion to urge his high-mettled pony to his utmost speed. He succeeded at last; and the pair of youthful fugitives continued their dangerous gallop over the broken ground of Chatmoss for more than an hour, without uttering another word or once drawing rein; perfectly ignorant of the direction they were flying in, how far the moss extended, or where to direct their steps when it was crossed.

Whilst they are continuing their flight, let us return to their pursuers, who, by this time, were pretty nearly exhausted by their unsuccessful chase.

"I shall win the money less easily than I expected," muttered Wilton. "Only to think of Zitta playing me such a trick! It is time I ended with that girl; the infernal negress is not here to protect her, and if once I lay hands upon her——"

"You won't lay hands on either of them this time," gasped his companion, completely out of breath; "I am dead beat—can't go any further."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his employer.

"I won't then," added the old man, suddenly, at the same time seating himself upon a huge boulder, half buried in the moss.

The dog, who was more attached to the speaker than to any one else in the establishment, came up to him, and rested his panting jaws upon his knees.

"You, too!" said Wilton, giving the animal a dreadful kick on the loins.

The dog uttered a yell of agony, tried to limp to a short distance, and fell.

"What's the good o' that?" demanded Peter, angrily; "it isn't his fault."

"Yours and his—curses on your carelessness!" answered the ruffian.

"Ah! perhaps you would like to try and serve me the same."

It was not the words, but the meaning look which accompanied them, that cooled the mad fury of the owner of the menagerie—calmed him in an instant. All who had ever been engaged with or knew him had remarked that whenever the old man chose to speak out and exert his authority, Wilton invariably succumbed; hence the supposition they were related. Some of their pals, less charitable, asserted the existence of a dangerous secret between them.

"I am sorry I kicked the dog," observed the brute; "for, after all, it was not his fault; but you know what I am when my blood is fairly up."

His companion nodded assent.

"Here, Butcher! Butcher!" added Wilton, calling to the animal in a coaxing tone.

The hound, instead of coming to him, as he had done after similar treatment a dozen times before, slunk slowly away with his tail between his legs.

"A bad sign," observed the old man, "when Butcher leaves you."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his employer; "he will find his way to the vans. You do not believe in such superstitious folly?"

"A bad sign," repeated Peter, "call it what you will."

"I have no time to argue it," observed Wilton; "a prize has slipped through my fingers, and it is no use sailing for Ireland till I have recovered it. Let us return to the vans; I shall proceed at once to track the runaways; they are without money, and can't travel very far. Come along, old fellow," he added, in a jocular tone. "It will never do for us to quarrel after so many years' fidelity to each other."

"I don't want to quarrel with you," muttered his companion, whose looks, as he made the assertion, gave the lie to his words, "but you are so hot-tempered."

"Well! well! say no more about it."

Peter rose from his seat, and the speakers, neither of whom were in the best of humors, commenced retracing their way to the wagons, which all this while had been left in the care of the two boys who attended to the animals. They had several miles of unequal, boggy ground to trudge over before reaching them, and the fatigue of the walk, added to their disappointment, tended to anything but create a better feeling between them.

Day had already dawned before they reached the vans; when within a mile, the dog, which had been limping on before them, suddenly stopped and uttered a low whine.

"What ails the brute?" exclaimed Wilton. "He seems to have lost all pluck this morning."

"And no wonder either, considering the kick you gave him," observed his companion. "Here, Butcher, Butcher! here, old fellow."

Although the speaker called to the animal in his most friendly tone, the creature took no notice of his cry, but continued to limp rapidly, as though impelled by terror, till he reached a clump of stunted brushwood, beneath which he crept and hid himself.

The two men gazed on each other with surprise; neither could comprehend it.

"Come along," said the owner of the menagerie. "When his fit of the sulks is over, he will follow us. We can't be more than a mile, if so much, from the vans."

Peter shook his head doubtfully, not as to the distance, but like one who entertained a secret misgiving, and they continued their walk together.

They had not advanced many paces before the cause of the dog's terror was explained. Directly in their path lay the hungry leopardess, lashing her glossy sides with her long, graceful tail.

"By Heavens! but it is Cora," ejaculated Wilton. "You never closed the slides of the wagons!"

"Left it to you," muttered the old man.

"Fool!"

"Aye, that's what one gets by sticking to you."

It was no time for recrimination. Not only was the danger to themselves imminent, but the ultimate escape of the animal a loss too considerable to be risked without an effort. *Had the leopardess been fed*, neither of the speakers would have hesitated to approach her; years of confinement in a narrow den having subdued the natural ferocity of her disposition. Half mad as the creature was by hunger, it had broken forth with redoubled violence.

"If we had only a blanket," observed Wilton, hesitatingly.

"You have your coat," suggested his companion.

"And you yours," replied the former. "Look you," continued the speaker, "here are neither servant nor master; but two men in presence of one common danger. We must share it alike."

"With all my heart," said the ruffian, affecting a courage he was very far from feeling.

The speakers removed their coats, which they held ready to cast over the head of the savage beast, and advanced slowly towards her. Having only one eye, the old man was at a disadvantage compared with his companion, who had the use of both his. The nearer they approached, the more terrific became the growls of the animal, who was evidently preparing herself for a spring.

"Look out!" cried Wilton, prudently drawing back.

The caution came too late, for that same instant the creature bounded through the air, far above the outstretched arms of Peter, and alighted upon his shoulders.

"The coat! the coat!" shouted his employer, retreating still further from him.

A frightful struggle ensued. The old man made frantic efforts to release himself from his hungry assailant, whose instinct led her to attack him in the throat.

"Help! help!" he shrieked.

Wilton was not only too cowardly to interfere, but began to think of the advantage that would accrue from the death of his keeper. It would be an awkward witness to his past life out of the way, and a flaming advertisement to the future exhibition of his menagerie.

"She is tearing me. O God!"

These were the last words uttered by Peter, for the fangs of the hungry leopardess were by this time sheathed in his throat, separating the jugular veins and arteries. Both fell together, the brute clinging tenaciously to his victim.

For several minutes a succession of convulsive heavings of the body followed the fall, then a low deep groan, and all was over.

The survivor, who stood contemplating the hideous spectacle at a prudent distance, thought he had never witnessed a sight more interesting; the elongated body of the leopardess drawing the life-blood of the keeper like a famished leech. For nearly an hour he remained motionless, then deeming the animal had sufficiently gorged itself, he ventured to approach somewhat nearer.

Cora took no notice of the movement, but continued, with a satiated appetite, to play with and mangle the body of her former keeper.

Gradually he continued to advance, till a low growl, resembling the purring of an enormous cat, warned him that she was still dangerous.

Whilst deliberating with himself how to act, the owner of the menagerie felt wonderfully relieved by the appearance of the negress and the two boys. The latter had discovered the escape of the animal, and came provided with blankets and ropes to secure her.

"Old Peter done for at last!" exclaimed Soukey; "bad man, bad end. Me wonder why Cora not prefer you. Peter dreadful tough, me tink."

A wild laugh and a clapping of hands followed this inconsiderate speech.

"What you do with Zitta?" she demanded, advancing suddenly upon Wilton.

"Run away."

"Me no believe it."

"I tell you that she has, and taken the infernal dwarf with her. Would I had never seen either of them! But this is no time for explanation; you must assist me to secure Cora."

"Berry well, me help you now," replied the negress; "but you tell me eberyting by-um-by."

Taking the blanket from one of the boys, and drawing the long Indian knife she always carried in her girdle, the speaker crept cautiously towards the now satiated animal, keeping her eyes firmly fixed upon her all the while. Although her hunger was appeased, the leopardess evidently did not like being disturbed; possibly, the sense of liberty was pleasing to her; she uttered one of her usual growls, and began lashing her sides with her tail.

"Be cautious!" shouted Wilton.

The brute would have made a second spring, but the negress was too quick for her. With a dextrous jerk, she contrived to throw the blanket over its head. Once deprived of light, the creature became tractable again. Wilton and the boys both sprang upon her, and secured the creature with cords, not without receiving a few severe scratches, though.

"Dar, dat well done," exclaimed Soukey, joyously. "Cora quiet now. Pity you such great coward, massa; why for you no help old Peter?"

To this question the owner of the animal made no reply.

"Me tell you. Me tink you wish him dead!"

"Ridiculous!"

"He know too much for you. Ha! ha! black gal not such fool as she look."

Delighted with her exploit, and her suggestion as to the motive of Wilton's cowardice, the speaker laughed and danced wildly with mirth, till the recollection of Zitta returned, when she once more sullenly demanded what he had done with her.

"I told you she had run away."

"And you tell me great many lies before, and you tell me many lies again," said the girl, regarding him suspiciously; "me know, you lub her. But me tink she really run away, for when me wake dis morning me find dis pretty ting on me *pillar*."

She held forth a slender chain of gold, fine almost as a thread, evidently of Indian workmanship, and just long enough to have been worn round the neck of a child.

Wilton changed color at the sight of it.

"Give it me!" he exclaimed.

"Gib it you! what for?" replied Soukey. "Me not lub you well enough for dat. No, no, me keep it for sake of Zitta."

"It is mine."

"Dat berry good joke."

"I tell you that it is; the girl must have stolen it from me."

"Dat better joke still, Massa Wilton; you no make me believe dat. Zitta neber steal anyting from you except your bad heart, and dat not worth de keepin'."

"I will buy it of you," said the ruffian, who evidently had some strong motive for possessing himself of the trinket.

"Me no sell it," said the negress; "and you no hab it; p'raps me neber see Missie Zitta more, and me keep it to tink of her."

Wilton looked very much as if he would like to have tried force to obtain it; but the vast strength and furious temper, when roused, of Soukey, restrained him; added to which, he had no longer Peter to assist him.

The youngest of the boys, who had been sent for a cart to remove the body of the keeper and the now perfectly subdued leopardess, returned before he could make up his mind what steps to take. Have it he positively must; for, strange as it may appear, that simple chain, and the little amulet in gold pendant from it, was a talisman on which his life depended. He secretly vowed that it should be his. We shall see whether Fortune enabled him to keep his word.

Ignorant of the route they had taken, where it led to, and caring but little, so it increased the distance between them and their pursuers, the youthful fugitives pursued their flight till the borders of Chatmoss were safely passed, when, at Zitta's suggestion, they dismounted from their ponies.

"We must leave them here," she observed, "and continue our journey on foot."

Telbin suggested the advantage of availing themselves still further of their services. The exercise had animated him, added to which, he had a nervous dislike of mingling with his fellow-creatures on equal terms; his dwarf-like person excited too much attention.

"They are tired," replied the girl, "we have come a rough road, and at a hard pace."

Her companion still looked the wish he hesitated to urge.

"Besides," she added, "they are not ours; and though justly authorised to use them to save our lives, we have no right to retain them for mere convenience."

Telbin at once acquiesced, and the ponies were left to find their way back, or wander over Chatmoss as accident might direct.

For nearly an hour the singularly assorted pair continued to walk quickly and in silence, each meditating on the future before them. One was perfectly inexperienced in the world—the other willing but ignorant how to assist him. As they proceeded, the country gradually lost that wild and desolate character resembling the waste they had so lately passed, and exclamations of delight escaped from Zitta as she perceived the delicate primrose growing in the hedges.

Several times she relaxed her steps and stopped to gather them.

"You are fond of flowers," observed Telbin.

"I love them dearly," she replied. "To me they are the most lovely things in nature, and I am doubly delighted at finding them now."

"Why now?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you," said the simple-minded girl. "To me they are a proof that Providence takes an especial care of the poor. The rich have their gardens filled with the choicest plants, laborers to dig and attend them."

"Still I do not exactly comprehend you."

"*God labors for the poor*," added Zitta; "plants these gardens by the roadside, in the green lanes, along the leafy hedgerows. If he is thus careful for our pleasure," she continued, "he will not prove himself indifferent to our safety if we trust in him."

Telbin gazed upon her with surprise and admiration. During his illness and solitude he had read much, but the thought appeared new to him.

"Perhaps you are laughing at me," observed the speaker, with a smile.

"Laughing," he repeated, "on the contrary, you have given me a lesson, one which I shall not easily forget—and for your sake, for the rest of my existence, I shall love and prize the simplest flower."

Telbin stepped from the road side, and walking to the hedge gathered a primrose, which he placed in the buttonhole of his coat.

Zitta appeared pleased at the act—and once more they resumed their way.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SAVED HIM.

Two young men were on an excursion in the country. One day as they were crossing a mountain chasm on a decayed bridge, the footing of one gave way. He was kept from falling some fifty feet into the gulph below by the strong arm of his friend.

They grew old together in the same city. He who had been saved, continued to cherish a deep sense of obligation to him who had saved him.

Young men should save their friends. Some young men are very thoughtless. They say and do very foolish things without being aware of the unhappy impression made upon the minds of others, and of the injury done to their own characters. The more thoughtful friend can save such an one from his folly. He can help him to avoid it and see it in its true light.

He can also save him from heartlessness. The young man enters life with a warm, generous, confiding heart, and his confidence is abused. He finds that men are selfish and treacherous. He is liable to pass from extreme credulity to extreme distrust. He is liable to regard a profession of heartlessness as knowledge of the world.

A friend of some experience may save him. He can aid him to distinguish between the true and the false in character. He can show him that there are unselfish, generous, trustworthy men.

He can save him from improper habits. He may see the danger to which he is exposed from his temperament, from the circumstances amid which he is placed. He can utter a word of warning, if need be, of kind reproof. He can extend the hand of influence, and keep him from falling.

* * *

A SALUBRIOUS CLIMATE.—A Yankee speculator, who had immense tracts of land for sale in the Far West, used frequently to say, that a gentleman who was travelling there saw a very old man sitting at the door of a log cabin, weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the old man, "daddy jist gave me a awful licking, cos I wouldn't rock grandaddy to sleep." The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the salubrity and healthiness of the district, to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

GONE.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

On the verge of womanhood,
Pure as any saint she stood,
Gentle, beautiful and good.

Slow she perished day by day,
Slow with canker touch, decay
Reft the blooms of life away.

How I loved her, how I wept,
While the death-film, darkening, crept
O'er those sweet eyes, till they slept.

Low I bowed upon her clay,
Kissed her forehead, tried to say,
"Wherefore goest thou away?"

And a low voice seemed to say,
"Call me never if you may,
Happier I than you who stay."

Then life's sorrow I descried;
This is spared thee, love, I cried,
Well it is that thou hast died.

Never will life's icy truth
Chill the warm dreams of your youth,
Girlish glee to woman's ruth.

Never will thy heart be stirred
With the cold, the cruel word,
Which so often here is heard.

Gone from change, from love's decay;
Ever will thy sad heart say,
Once he loved me fondly? Nay.

Never to be left to moan,
Toiling with life's task alone,
That which made toil sweet all flown.

No, I will not call thee back,
To see thy soul's fine tension slack,
Strained upon life's cruel rack.

How I need thy fond eyes' ray,
To light again my darkened way,
Only God can tell to-day;
Yet I weep not o'er your clay,
Happier thou than I who stay.

◆

HUNTING THE WALRUS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following is the narration of a gentleman who does not wish his name made public.

Some years ago I accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him on a voyage to the frozen regions of Spitsbergen, for the purpose of hunting seal and walrus, he declaring that the sport *per se* had not its equal in the world, and he had hunted in the forests of Africa, in the jungles of Asia, among the mountains of Europe and on the prairies of America.

I pass over the voyage, always an unpleasant thing to me, and more so in sailing to the dreary regions of eternal ice, and simply state that we reached our hunting locality about the first of June, and immediately set about the work we had in hand.

The walrus—or sea-elephant, as it is more properly termed—is an amphibious, carnivorous mammal, as large and even larger than an ox about the body, from fifteen to twenty feet in length, is covered with short, yellowish hair, has a small head, somewhat human in appearance, with fierce-looking eyes, savage bristles about the nose, and white, ivory tusks growing downwards to an average length of two feet. It swims in water from ten to twenty fathoms in depth—breathes air, which it sucks in and blows out something like a whale—feeds on sand-worms, star-fish, shrimps, clams, cockles and sea-weeds—often plows the bed of the ocean with its tusks in search of food, and suns itself and sleeps on flat cakes of floating ice.

In truth, it is while occupying these cakes of ice that the walrus is generally discovered by the look-out from the mast-head of the cruising vessel, who immediately communicates the fact to the crew in waiting, when one or more boats, as the case may be, at once put off for the scene of slaughter.

These boats are peculiarly constructed, being some twenty-one feet in length, with five feet beam, bow-shaped at both ends, and with keel depressed in the centre, so that they may be quickly turned as if on a pivot. A boat of this size is manned by five men, all of whom row, the steersman facing the bow, and using oars instead of a rudder. On approaching a herd of walruses or seals, the harpooner stands in the bow, his weapon poised and attached to a coil of rope fifteen fathoms long, this length being considered sufficient security against the danger of the animal diving suddenly after being struck. Sometimes another of the party stands ready with a rifle, and if it is found that the boat cannot approach near enough for the harpooner to strike, he selects a victim and fires. The greatest objection to this mode of killing either a seal or a walrus is, that the animal often eludes the grasp of the hunter even after being mortally wounded; for if the creature is in the water and shot dead, its specific gravity will carry it to the bottom before a boat can reach the spot; and if on a cake of ice, and not absolutely shot dead, it will flounder into the sea and escape. The only spot in the huge walrus where a rifle ball will instantly terminate life, is the brain; and as this occupies a space at the back of the head not larger than your fist, and as the boat is rocking and the ice rising and falling, the difficulty of hitting so small a mark at an uncertain distance will readily be perceived.

The most exciting sport is what is termed *jaging*, and the manner of it is this. Walruses generally move in herds, and it is a common thing to find a large flat cake of floating ice so perfectly packed and jammed with them that one overlaps another like hogs in a sty. In this manner they sun themselves and sleep, but with some of their number on the watch for danger. When aroused by an alarm, as is frequently the case on the approach of a boat, they will hurriedly tumble off into the water; and then with such a roaring, bellowing, blowing, snorting and splashing as would make a novice tremble, they will all dive together and make off for some safer locality. Now *jaging* is to follow with the boat in the direction they take, each man rowing with all his strength and skill, so as to be near enough when they rise for air to send the harpoon into the back of some old bull, who will not only tow the boat with great velocity, but will utter such sounds of fear and distress as will bring all his comrades around to his defence. Then look out for your life! for these monsters, when they do attack, are both formidable and ferocious; and should the line become entangled in playing out, or some daring fellow get his tusks over the gunwale, the boat will probably be upset, and you will have reason to thank God if you ever see the inside of it again.

I had not been many days engaged in this sport, when an accident of this kind happened to us. Our harpooner had secured a *junger*, as the calf of the walrus is termed, and the moaning, plaintive cries of the little fellow rendered not only the mother perfectly frantic with fury, but the whole herd also; and as they gathered about us, leaping half out of the water, lashing the sea into a perfect foam, roaring, bellowing and gnashing their teeth, their scowling, grinning faces, with their piercing, bloodshot eyes, resembling what the mind conceives of demons of the infernal regions, I shuddered at the horrible sight and secretly wished myself a hundred leagues away. Suddenly, while we were all busy with our harpoons, spears and boat-hooks, slaying both for gain and self-defence, I heard a terrible crash, a wild shriek, and found myself struggling in the icy water, in the very midst of the maddened herd. Our boat had been leaped upon by an old bull, stove in, and sunk, and here we were in the water, wholly unarmed and defenceless, at the mercy of these infuriated beasts, not another boat in sight, and our vessel distant at least three English miles. Can you conceive a more horrible situation?

Though taken so completely by surprise, and terribly frightened, as I am free to admit, I fortunately retained sufficient presence of mind to make the best effort possible for my life. There was an ice-floe within two hundred yards, and my only hope was to reach that. I struck out vigorously, and, though a remarkably fast swimmer, was passed within ten yards by one of the seamen.

"Ah! God help us!" he ejaculated, looking back over his shoulder.

The next moment, to my utter horror, I saw him seized by a huge walrus and dragged under the water. He threw up his hands as he went down, and uttered a cry of such mental and physical agony as I can never forget. I was obliged to pass over the spot where he disappeared, and as I did so I saw the water discolored with his blood. The whole scene, with this for a climax, sickened and made me faint; but remembering a similar fate might be mine at any moment, I felt my strength renewed by my fears, and pulled forward with great vigor.

Chilled to the very bone and nearly exhausted, I had almost reached the floating ice—upon which I hoped for temporary rest, and escape from the horrid monsters, even should I subsequently perish—when suddenly a huge beast appeared beside me, and the next moment I was seized and dragged under myself. I remember going down, down, down, with a wild roaring in my ears, a sense of suffocation, and a sort of consciousness that all was over. A short period of oblivion must have followed, for my next recollection is of floundering in the water alongside of a boat, of seeing human figures above me like so many shadows, and hearing human voices in quick, excited tones. Then a period of strange confusion followed, during which I seemed to be roughly handled, but whether by men or beasts I could not tell, and then came another period of oblivion.

When I again returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on the ground before a roaring fire, the warmth of which felt very grateful. Two of the rescued boat's crew were standing close beside me. I looked up wonderingly in their faces, and feebly inquired where I was. In reply they briefly informed me of all that had occurred since our first immersion. At the moment our boat was stove, another of our boats was just rounding the angle of an iceberg, about a quarter of a mile distant; and perceiving our misfortunes, the crew of this at once rowed to our assistance. Two of my four companions had been killed, and these two saved, and I had been picked up in an exhausted state, after having once been dragged to the bottom by a cow-walrus, whose tusks had given me some flesh wounds, but had not otherwise injured me. Fearing that I might perish should they attempt to row back to the vessel at once, they had made for a small island in sight, and with some driftwood found on the beach, had built the fire before which I lay. Here, leaving me in charge of my rescued companions, who also needed the fire to restore their benumbed circulation, the others had put back to the scene of the disaster, to recover what they might of the floating wreck, and perhaps the bodies of the dead.

In about half an hour the boat returned, with some of our lost tackle, spears, harpoons, boat-hooks and other articles, but without the remains of the two unfortunate seamen, who had disappeared forever. By this time I was able to sit up, and all congratulated me on my narrow escape, though much in the manner I should have rejoiced with one of them at his finding a lost purse. I saw the terrible affair had not made the same impression on them as on me—that with them it was rather an unfortunate occurrence in the way of business which might be looked for any time and frequently did happen, and that the loss of the boat and the walruses entered about as much into their grief as that of their two comrades. And yet these were not men devoid of feeling, but only persons whose keener sensibilities had been blunted by a life of constant hardship, vicissitude and peril.

"Yo-ho! a bear on the ice!" was the exciting cry which drew every thought from the painful calamity to fix it upon sport and profit; and away bounded the crew for their boat, which in less than a minute was plowing the glassy waters and heading toward a distant ice-floe, upon which the naked eye could barely perceive a peculiar speck, but which the telescope of the lookout had proved to be a large polar bear.

These white bears of the Northern Ocean prey upon the seal and walrus, and in turn become the prey of the seal and walrus hunters, being valuable for their hides, oil and meat. Though having probably no particular choice between the food of the seal and walrus, yet either instinct or experience, or perhaps both, teaches Bruin that the former, though wary and shy, is the safest to attack—for among a herd of the latter he may be torn to pieces, as some of his friends, relations, or companions have been before his eyes. Therefore, on the look out for the seal, he no sooner sees Monsieur Phoca crawling upon the edge of an ice-floe for a short nap, than he plunges into the water and swims off to him, taking care to move without noise, to keep to the leeward, to show only a small portion of his head, and to dive this under if he fancies his prey looking toward him. In this manner, if he can get close up under the edge of the ice without being perceived, a sudden spring and a powerful blow of his mighty paw will generally place the seal in his power, though sometimes the latter escapes even after that, and the hungry bear has all his labor for nothing.

Sometimes, planting himself on a floating cake of ice, as in the case just mentioned, Mr. Bruin will set off on a voyage of discovery; and then if he finds himself pursued by man, he will take to the water and swim for life; but a light walrus-boat, propelled by five skillful oarsmen, will frequently overhaul him, and a good rifleman put him *hors de combat* at the first fire.

In about three hours our boat came back with the captured bear, and the whole crew in high spirits. As we were all ready by this time to return to the vessel, we hastened to jump into the little craft; but before it could be again pushed from the island, we found ourselves enveloped in one of those sudden mists for which that icy region is so remarkable. A dense fog will often cover the face of the ocean without a minute's warning, and then you must remain wherever you are till it is dispersed, for nothing can you see ten feet from the eye. It is not an uncommon thing for a boat's crew, and even a vessel, to be lost in one of these fogs.

Luckily our boat had returned to us, and we were on an island, with plenty of provisions and fuel, when this fog enveloped us—for against our anxiety and impatience, it lasted three days and nights. And all this time the sun was shining bright above us—for in the northern region, be remembered, the sun never sets in summer.

At last we got back to our vessel, to report our misfortune, and resume our occupation as if nothing had happened—for such is the wild, exciting life of the walrus-hunter. In August we sailed southward with a freighted ship, and I returned to my native land with many a pleasant remembrance of the exciting and perilous scenes in which I had been a prominent actor.

◆

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GODS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Full often I had heard it said,
  As something quite uncontroverted,
"The gods and goddesses are dead,
  And high Olympus is deserted;"
And so, while thinking of the gods,
  I made, one night, an exploration,
(In fact or fancy—where's the odds?)
  To get authentic information.

I found—to make a true report,
  As if I were a sworn committee—
They all had left the upper court,
  And settled in Manhattan city;
Where now they live, as best they may,
  Quite unsuspected of their neighbors,
And in a humbler sort of way,
  Repeat their old Olympic labors.

In human frames, for safe disguise,
  They come and go through wooden portals,
And to the keen Detective's eyes,
  Seem nothing more than common mortals;
For mortal-like they're clad and fed,
  And, still to blind the sharp inspector,
Eat, not ambrosia, but bread,
  And tipple—everything but nectar.

Great Jove, who wore the kingly crown,
  And used to make Olympus rattle,
As if the sky was coming down,
  Or all the Titans were in battle,—
Is now a sorry playhouse wight,
  Content to make the groundlings wonder,
And earn some shillings every night,
  By coining cheap theatric thunder.

Apollo, who in better times
  Was poet-laureate of th' elysians,
And, adding medicine to rhymes,
  Was chief among the court physicians,—
Now cures disease of every grade
  With certain "medicated vapors,"
And, still to ply his double trade,
  Makes verses for the Sunday papers.

Minerva, famous in her day
  For wit and war—though often shocking
The gods by over-much display
  Of what they called her azure stocking,—
Now deals in books of ancient kind;
  Talks diatribes on tenant-hovels;
And, to indulge her warlike mind,
  Writes very sanguinary novels.

And Venus, who on Ida's seat,
  In myrtle groves her charms paraded,—
Displays her beauty in the street,
  And seems, indeed, a little faded;
She's dealing in the clothing-line,
  (If at her word you choose to take her)
In *Something Square* you read the sign:—
  "Miss Cytherea, Mantua-Maker."

Mars figures still as god of war,
  But not with spear and iron hanger,
Erect upon the ponderous car
  That rolled along with fearful clangor,
Ah! no; of sword and spear bereft,
  He stands beside his bottle-holder,
And plumps his *right*, and plants his *left*,
  And strikes directly from the shoulder.

And Bacchus, reared among the vines
  That flourished in the fields Elysian,
And ruddy with the rarest wines
  That ever flashed upon the vision,—
A licensed liquor-dealer now,
  Sits pale and thin from over-dosing
With whisky, made—the deuse knows how,
  And brandy of his own composing.

And cunning Mercury—what d'ye think
  Is now the nimble rogue's condition?
Of course 'twas but a step, to sink
  From *Peter Funk* to politician;
Though now he neither steals nor robs,
  But just secures a friend's election,
And lives and thrives on little jobs
  Connected with the Street Inspection.

Thus all the gods, in deep disguise,
  Go in and out of wooden portals,
And, to the sharpest human eyes,
  Seem nothing more than common mortals;
And so they live, as best they may,
  Quite unsuspected of their neighbors,
And in a humbler sort of way,
  Repeat their old Olympic labors.

◆

INCONSISTENT CONSISTENCY.

There are many people who pride themselves on what they call their *consistency;* who claim that they "never change their minds," but that, as they are now, they were in the beginning, and ever shall be. These self-styled consistent people (who are always the most ignorant as well as the vainest of mankind) are, in truth, the most inconsistent of mortals, inasmuch as consistency is shown in nothing more than in change and improvement. When a man says, "Sir, I think now just as I did twenty years ago; I never change my opinions, Sir!" you may safely write that man down as an ass who is laboring under the hallucination that he is an oracle of wisdom. Although a sensible man is not given to fickleness, he is ever growing in knowledge and constantly modifying his opinions, as a mighty river turns with its channel and thereby maintains a vigorous and healthful current; but your "unchanging" man, whose composition of conceit and ignorance is stereotyped, is no better than a sullen pool festering in the sun and feeding upon its own stagnation. The Spanish proverb truly says:—"A wise man changes his mind, but a fool never will."

◆

A GREAT LOSS.

"You had a long conversation with Mr. Graves this morning," said Mr. Hall. "Judging from his looks after you left him, I should infer that the subject was one of grave importance."

"He has met with a great loss," replied Mr. Harvey.

"Ah, what is it?"

"He has lost his confidence in men. He has been cheated pretty badly by a few men, and he has come to the conclusion that we are all a set of rogues."

To lose our confidence in men is indeed a great loss. But it is a loss that need not be sustained. The fact that some men are unworthy of confidence does not prove that all men are. Sweeping conclusions must not be drawn from limited premises.

◆

Rudeness Rebuked.—William Penn and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacco-house, the owner of which said to them, "You enter without leave; do you know who I am? I am a justice of the peace." To which Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as thee: he is Governor of Pennsylvania."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M.—This correspondent informs us that she is a young lady, and then says, "Will you please to inform me in your 'Answers' why you seem to think painting so vulgar that no well-bred lady would use it? Why is it that almost all of the ladies use powder and still seem to think it vulgar to use paint? *I* don't see where the harm is in using either. Suppose a lady would be very homely without paint, but by using it is called the handsomest lady in the State in which she resides, would you blame her for using it? Where would be the harm?" In answer to your first inquiry, we will say that the reason why we "*seem* to think painting so vulgar," &c., undoubtedly is because we *do* think so, and have expressed our belief to that effect. Your second question, as to why "*all* the ladies use powder," &c., we have no means of answering except by asking another, namely—*Do* "all" the ladies use powder? We know several who do not. You are not logical. You want to know "why *all the ladies* seem to think it vulgar to use paint?" and in the next scratch of your pen you in effect declare that *you* do not think it vulgar. Do you wish us to infer that you are not a lady? Now, as to the case of that lady "who *would be* very homely *without* paint, but by using it is called the handsomest lady in the State in which she resides," &c., do you mean to say that "paint" is her normal condition, and that she never allows herself to be seen unpainted? What do our lady readers say in regard to this appeal on behalf of a homely woman who can win such triumphs with paint? We should like to hear from them on the question.

Schoolboy.—Steel pens we have never seen made, and have often wondered, as you have, how they can be sold so cheap. Nor is our wonder diminished when we read of the process of manufacture. The great secret is, of course, *machinery*, by the aid of which every part of the process is either done with great rapidity, or upon a large number at once. The process is said to be as follows: 1. The steel is rolled into sheets of the thickness of a pen. 2. These sheets are cut into slips three feet long and four inches broad. 3. The strips are annealed, i. e. softened by making them very hot, and letting them cool very slowly. 4. They are cleaned, and rolled smooth again. 5. The strips, by means of a stamping machine, are cut into pieces large enough for pens. 6. The hole which terminates the slit is pierced. 7. The pen is shaped so far as to cut away the superfluous metal. 8. The maker's name is stamped on each pen. 9. The pen is bent into its final form, which is also done by stamping. 10. The pens are heated red hot, and suddenly cooled in oil, which restores them to the hardness of steel. 11. They are cleaned of the oil. 12. They are polished in a revolving barrel containing fine sand. 13. The nib is ground. 14. The slit is made by stamping. 15. They are colored brown or blue by subjecting them to the fumes of charcoal. 16. They are glossed by immersing them in a solution of lac and naptha. 17. They are counted and put into boxes. These processes are now performed with such rapidity and on so large a scale, that tolerable steel pens can be bought in Sheffield, by wholesale, as cheap as eight cents for 144 pens, or eighteen for a cent.

Worcester.—The passage occurs in Othello, Act III., Scene III. Iago utters the lines to the Moor:

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

These lines have been a thousand times admired, and in a dramatic sense, they are indeed most admirable. But if you ask us whether we believe Iago's assertion, we answer, emphatically, *no*. Good name is *not* the immediate jewel of the soul. *That could be truly said only of a clear conscience.* What the lying Iago says of reputation in the same play is far more correct: "Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving." It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspeare to put these opposite sentiments into the mouth of the same villain; for it is the nature of a villain to be all things to all men, fooling each to the top of his bent.

A. N. W.—This correspondent inquires how it came to pass that the shamrock, or three-leafed clover, was adopted as the emblem of Irish nationality. The only answer we can give to this question is to repeat the well-known tradition. St. Patrick, soon after his arrival in the Emerald Isle, in the year 432, was endeavoring to explain to a group of Irish chieftains the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity. Finding it difficult to make them understand how one could be three and three one, he stooped down and picked up a three-leafed clover, and held it up before them without saying a word. The chiefs, with the ready wit of their race, perceived and appreciated the happiness of the illustration, and instantly embraced both the doctrine and the saint. Casting away their idols, they thenceforth adored the true God, and, to commemorate their joyful conversion, adopted the shamrock as their emblem and banner. So runs this pretty tale; which, indeed, is far from being as improbable as many other ancient stories.

Hartford.—No one can know the proportion of property insured in city and country offices. An immense amount of country property is insured in New York, and a large amount of city property is insured in country offices, particularly in those of Connecticut. In the city of New York there are now no less than 149 Fire Insurance Companies, several of which, however, are branch offices of country companies. There is probably not a county in the United States, of any considerable population, that has not some property insured here. Knowing this, we think your remarks unfounded. The Marine Insurance Companies are twenty-three in number, and the Life Insurance Companies, eighteen, making a total of 190.

Battery.—The fall of the colonel of a regiment sometimes inflames the ardor of the men, but more frequently dampens it. At the beginning of a battle such a disaster may not be fatal, but if it occurs when the men have been long under fire, and are beginning to waver, it is almost sure to cause a panic. You know what Shakspeare says on this subject:

"His death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best tempered courage in his troops,
For from his metal was his party steeled."

Discipline, as you observe, *ought* to prepare soldiers for every emergency, and very high discipline will do so. But you cannot form a perfect soldier in a few months.

C. D.—"If a lady makes an engagement," asks this correspondent, "to go to a singing-school with one gentleman, and he does not come for her, and she, after waiting till she thinks he won't come, goes with another gentleman, and when the school is out finds both of the gentlemen waiting to escort her home, with which of them should she go?" With the one who accompanied her to the singing-school, of course, and the other, having failed to keep his engagement, would have no just reason to complain of her for so doing.

Cutler.—We are informed that the wages of cutlers at Sheffield, in England, where there are more cutlers than in all the rest of the world, average about ninety cents a day. Our informant says that the cheapness of rent, clothing, and some other articles, makes that rate of wages fully equal to the much higher pay of our mechanics.

Ashpoint.—It was the enthusiasm of her Hungarian nobles that caused Maria Theresa to be called *king* of Hungary. One day after she had eloquently recounted her wrongs, and exhibited a masculine energy, the nobles drew their swords and exclaimed, "Let us die for our KING, Maria Theresa."

Constantia.—While you cannot marry the one you wish, you certainly are not obliged to marry *against* your wish to please any friend, who threatens you in case of refusal. If the case comes to this, refuse at once, no matter what stares you in the face in the way of honest self-support, until you are able to marry to your mind.

Oriandinia.—Do we think it proper for a young lady who is engaged, to flirt with other men, and to show the letters of her lover, who has particularly requested her not to do so? There can be but one answer to this question. Such a girl is incapable of *love* for any man.

Curious.—The author is unknown to us of the epigram:

"Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.'

We have seen it in print several times, and heard it quoted, but cannot find it credited to any author.

Greenhorn.—Is it proper for a young lady to ask a young gentleman who is starting for the war, to write to her? That depends upon the character of the young man, and the degree of intimacy between the parties. We cannot decide so general a question.

Commercial.—At a time like this, it were the hight of absurdity to attempt to foretell the future. The events of war are of all things the most uncertain. A single week may change the whole aspect of affairs.

Ignorance.—How should a gentleman offer a lady his arm? By crooking his elbow, and inclining his head toward her, while a sweet smile gently steals over his features.

Reader.—We certainly think that a young lady should not accept and wear a second engagement ring from a "second gentleman" before pulling off the first.

Andover.—This correspondent, who works in a factory in Massachusetts, asks the following question: "What is your opinion with regard to factory operatives having to work fifteen hours a day?" We have seldom answered a question with more pleasure than we do this, because it touches a subject that is near our heart, namely, the welfare of the working men and women of these States. We remind our correspondent, first, that the present is an exceptional time, when many factories are obliged to run an extra number of hours in order to supply the troops with blankets and overcoats. For such a purpose as that a company would be justified in asking the operatives to work as many hours as they could, without injury to their health. But in ordinary times things should be ordered differently. The only chance a workman has to improve himself and enjoy society is on Sundays and in the evenings. The Sunday and the evenings being rightly used, a man or woman, though a factory operative, may become, in the course of years, a well-informed, polite and exalted being, equal in all noble qualities to the best people in the class supposed to enjoy the greatest advantages. But if the evenings are consumed in work—if the operative comes home late at night, tired out and discouraged, and feels compelled to sleep and lounge away half the Sunday in order to strengthen himself for another week of toil, there is an end to all hope of improvement. He might as well be dead, almost, for what is the object of living, if it be not to enlarge, instruct, purify and exalt that part of us which must live forever? For this reason, among others, we go with all our might for a sacred Sunday, and the early closing of stores, shops and factories. We want to see every American mechanic a scholar and a gentleman, and his wife an accomplished, healthy, and high-minded lady. Nothing short of that will ever satisfy us. And we know it is possible.

Quandary.—Cannons are spiked by driving into the touch-hole an exceedingly hard steel spike with a point of soft iron for clinching it inside. After driving it in as far as it will go, the spike is broken short off, and the point is clinched by ramming into the gun a cannon-ball. This ball is then wedged into the bottom of the gun by surrounding it with felt or cloth, and driving iron wedges between it and the gun. As this is a work of some minutes, and as guns have generally to be spiked in a hurry, various spikes have been devised and patented for doing the business in a moment. Some of the new spikes have springs at the end, by which they clinch themselves as soon as the end of the spike gets through. Others are made to be *loose* in the touch-hole, so as to render it more difficult to drill them out. In the absence of properly made spikes, cast iron nails are commonly used, and answer a temporary purpose. If a gun is spiked in the best manner, it is exceedingly difficult to remove the obstruction; so difficult, in fact, that it is often preferable to drill a new hole. If a gun is spiked with a common nail only, unclinched, and no ball has been driven into the gun, the nail can generally be removed by exploding in the gun a small charge of powder, after stopping up the mouth of the piece with very solid wadding. Fire is communicated to the powder by an opening in the wadding made by a wire or thin rod of iron.

Julia N.—Yes: the city of Corinth, to the people of which St. Paul addressed the well-known epistles, still exists, but its name has been changed, or rather corrupted, to Gortho. It is situated on the isthmus that connects the Peloponesus with Greece. Corinth, in its best days, is believed to have been a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, but it is now described by travellers as a wretched, dirty village of two thousand poverty-stricken people, who export a little fruit, grain and honey. The ruins of a once magnificent temple are the sole remains of its ancient grandeur.

Maecenas.—We can tell you how to make very good red ink, but whether it will prove durable we know not. Red ink, we believe, is not used in the preparation of documents designed to last for centuries. The article is very easily made: Take a quart of weak vinegar, or vinegar diluted with one-half water. Soak in this for three days a handful of the chips of Brazil wood. Boil the solution, chips and all, for one hour. Strain. Add a little gum Arabic, sugar and alum. A more brilliant red ink than this can be made of cochineal mixed with water of ammonia, but it soon fades.

D. B.—The words in the Bible that are printed in italics are words added by the translators to complete the sense, there being no words corresponding to them in the original. For example: Mark ix., 25 and 26, "*Thou* dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him. And *the spirit* cried, and rent him sore." In the Greek of this passage there are no words for *thou* and *the spirit*, as in that language those words are unnecessary. But in English they are necessary, and therefore the translators insert them.

Inquirer.—Can a person acquire a good education by simply reading miscellaneous books and papers without studying? *Never.* Reading is highly beneficial, as well as entertaining. But if you would be truly educated, that is, *nourished with knowledge*, you must concentrate your mind on one or two subjects or languages, and keep at them, with steady industry, until you know all about them that is worth knowing. Vain is the expectation of that person who thinks that the priceless boon of knowledge can be won without self-denying toil.

Americus.—Your modesty is remarkable in an amateur poet. Your lines are flowing and agreeable, and, though not good enough to print, the young lady would probably have liked them if you had had the courage to send them to her. Several of the lines need retouching, particularly the first line of the fourth stanza. There can be no harm in writing simple verses of that kind; it is the wish to have them published that is ridiculous. Dr. Franklin was of opinion that the composition of verses was a very useful exercise to students of sixteen or seventeen.

Josephine.—It would be injudicious for you to marry to please your friends, especially when you do not love the man they have selected for your husband. Your own heart and judgment should decide such a case for you. Of course, should you choose for yourself, and the man of your choice have charges brought against his character, your experienced friends should be called in to help you settle *that* question, as you would be totally incompetent to do so alone.

Lover.—You ask what are the usual symptoms of love. Its "usual symptoms" are a bad appetite for food, and a fancy for the moon and new boots, without regard to corns or bunions; a disposition to sigh and wear fancy neck-ties, and a general feeling of all-over-ishness, very *creepy* and prostrating to the system. That's love; and he who goes in for it, without regard to the weather or other circumstances, is "a lover."

A Lover of Good Horses.—Mr. Marvin of Saratoga never rode behind "Lady Palmer," so that his opinion on the matter to which you refer is worthless. As for the other man, he is a low, coarse fellow, who, by accident, accumulated a little money, and is not worthy of your attention. His confederates are gamblers—men who "fix the cards for verdant gentlemen. Let him alone severely.

A Merchant (Cincinnati.)—Peter Dubois of this city is considered the best light carriage manufacturer in this country. He makes all our wagons, and it is enough for us to say that we prefer those of his manufacture to all others.

Tippecanoe.—Batteries are masked sometimes by a pile of brushwood, sometimes by letting the small trees of the forest remain before them, sometimes by a sodded bank, and occasionally by merely hanging dark-colored cloths over the ramparts. At the distance of half a mile it is not difficult to conceal a battery from an enemy even by the simplest expedients.

Newark, N. J.—In reply to your query we answer that any young man who makes signals to a strange young lady, or writes notes, requesting an interview, cannot be a proper acquaintance. And any young lady subjected *undeservedly* to such impertinence should immediately refer the case to some gentleman friend for speedy adjustment.

B. H. D says he is becoming disconsolate. "I have," he explains, "made proposals twice, by letter, to a lady, and received no answer. What shall I do?" *Go after an answer in person.* She may never have received the letters, or receiving them, felt diffident about committing her feelings to pen, ink and paper.

Edward.—A young man can have no excuse for speaking disrespectfully to his mother, no matter how aggravating her conduct towards him may be. He should either address her in a kind and filial manner, or else maintain a respectful silence. You should apologize for your undutifulness.

Edmund wants to know "how a fellow is to express his love, when he is in love?" Some drown themselves; some stifle themselves with charcoal; some drop on their knees before the adored one, and some write a letter to her. You can do any of these that suits your constitution and temperament best.

Caroline.—If it be true that your husband is so near-sighted that he cannot recognize a friend whom he meets in the street, it is probable that he could procure his discharge, as such a person is certainly not fit for a soldier.

Boy asks, "Must a fellow of twelve have his ears boxed?" Certainly, if "a fellow" deserves it.

D. B.—An author should punctuate his manuscript, if he be competent to do so.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*